SUCKLIN *whose numbers could invite*
Alike to wonder and delight
And with new spirit did inspire
The Thespian *Scene and* Delphick *Lyre;*
Is thus exprest in either part
Above the humble reach of art;
Drawne by the Pencill here yow find
His Forme, by his owne Pen his mind.

W. Marshall fecit.

FRAGMENTA AUREA:

A COLLECTION OF ALL The Incomparable Peices,

WRITTEN BY

Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

AND

Publiſhed by a FRIEND to perpetuate his Memory.

The Third Edition, with ſome New Additionals.

Printed by his own Copies.

LONDON:

Printed for *Humphrey Moſeley* at the Prince's Arms in St. *Paul*'s Churchyard. 1658.

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Ætatis suæ 28.
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To The MOST HONORED AND HIGHLY DESERVING, The Lady Southcot.

THough I approach with all humility in preſenting theſe Poems to your Ladiſhip, *yet dare I not deſpair of their acceptation, ſince it were a kind of Felony to offer them to any other. They come to you at ſo many capacities, that they ſeem rather to return and rebound back to you, as the famous* ARCADIA *was ſent to that excellent* Lady, *who was Siſter to that great*

a Author,

Author. *Your* Ladiſhip *beſt knows, that I now bring the Laſt* Remains *of your Incomparable Brother,* Sir John Suckling: *And as here are all the World muſt ever hope for, ſo here are nothing elſe but his, not a line but what at firſt flow'd from him, and will ſoon approve it ſelf to be too much his to be alter'd or ſupplied by any other hand; and ſure he were a bold man had thoughts to attempt it. After which 'twould be high preſumption in me to ſay more, but that I am*

(Madam)

Your Ladiſhips moſt obliged, and

Moſt obedient humble Servant,

Hum: Moseley.

TO THE READER.

WHile *Sucklings* name is in the forehead of this book, theſe *Poems* can want no preparation: It had been a prejudice to Poſterity they ſhould have ſlept longer, and an injury to his own aſhes. They that convers'd with him alive, and truly, (under which notion I comprehend only knowing gentlemen, his ſoul being tranſcendent, and incommunicable to others, but by reflection) will honor theſe

posthume Idæa's of their friend: And if any have liv'd in so much darkness as not to have knowne so great an Ornament of our Age, by looking upon these Remaines with Civility and Understanding, they may timely yet repent, and be forgiven.

In this Age of Paper-prostitutions, a man may buy the reputation of some Authors into the price of their Volume; but know, the Name that leadeth into this Elysium, is sacred to *Art* and *Honor*, and no man that is not excellent in both, is qualified a *Competent Judg*: For when Knowledg is allowed, yet Education in the Censure of a Gentleman, requires as many descents, as go to make one; And he that is bold upon his unequal

Stock,

Stock, to traduce this Name, or Learning, will deſerve to be condemned again into Ignorance his Original ſin, and die in it.

But I keep back the Ingenuous Reader, by my unworthy Preface: The gate is open, and thy ſoul invited to a garden of raviſhing variety; admire his wit, that created theſe for thy delight, while I withdraw into a ſhade, and contemplate who muſt follow.

POEMS,

&c.

Written by

Sir *JOHN SUCKLING.*

Printed by his own Copy.

The Lyrick Poems were ſet in Muſick by Mr. *Henry Laws*, Gent. of the Kings Chappel, and one of His Majeſties Private Muſick.

LONDON:

Printed for *Humphrey Moſeley* at the Prince's Arms in St. *Paul's* Churchyard. 1658.

On New-years Day 1640. *To the* KING.

1.

AWake (great Sir) the Sun ſhines heer,
Gives all Your Subjects a New-year;
Only we ſtay till you appear;
For thus by us Your Power is underſtood;
He may make fair days, You muſt make them good.
Awake, awake,
and take
Such Preſents as poor men can make,
They can adde little unto bliſſe
who cannot wiſh.

2.

May no ill vapour cloud the skie,
Bold ſtorms invade the Soveraignty,
But gales of joy, ſo freſh, ſo high,
That you may think Heaven ſent to try this year
What ſayl, or burthen, a Kings mind could bear.
Awake, awake, &c.

3.

May all the diſcords in Your State
(Like thoſe in Muſick we create)
Be govern'd at ſo wiſe a rate,
That what would of it ſelf ſound harſh, or fright,
May be ſo tempered that it may delight.
Awake, awake, &c.

4.

What Conquerors from battels find,
Or Lovers when their Doves are kind,
Take up henceforth our Maſters mind,
Make ſuch ſtrange Rapes upon the place, 't may be
No longer joy there, but a extaſie.
Awake, awake &c.

5.

May every pleaſure and delight
That has or does your ſence invite,
Double this year, ſave thoſe o'th night:
For ſuch a Marriage-bed muſt know no more
Then repetition of what was before.
Awake, awake,
and take
Such Preſents as poor men can make.
They can add little unto bliſſe
Who cannot wiſh.

Loving and Beloved.

1.

THere never yet was honeſt man
That ever drove the trade of love;
It is impoſſible, nor can
Integrity our ends promove:
For Kings and Lovers are alike in this,
That their chief art in reign diſſembling is.

2.

Here we are lov'd, and there we love,
Good nature now and paſſion ſtrive
Which of the two ſhould be above,
And laws unto the other give.
So we falſe fire which art ſometimes diſcover,
And the true fire with the ſame art do cover.

3.

What Rack can Fancy find ſo high?
Here we muſt Court, and here engage,
Though in the other place we die.
Oh! 'tis torture all, and cozenage;
And which the harder is I cannot tell,
To hide true love, or make falſe love look well.

4.

Since it is thus, God of deſire,
Give me my honeſty again,
And take thy brands back, and thy fire;
I am weary of the State I am in:

Since (if the very beſt ſhould not befal)
Loves Triumph, muſt be Honors Funeral.

1.

IF when Don *Cupids* dart
Doth wound a Heart,
we hide our grief
and ſhun relief;
The ſmart increaſeth on that ſcore;
For wounds unſearcht but rancle more.

2.

Then if we whine, look pale,
And tell our tale,
men are in pain
for us again;
So, neither ſpeaking doth become
The Lovers ſtate, nor being dumb.

3.

When this I do deſery,
Then thus think I,
love is the fart
of every heart;
It pains a man when't is kept cloſe,
And others doth offend, when 't is let looſe,

A Seſſions of the Poets.

A Seſſion was held the other day,
And *Apollo* himſelf was at it (they ſay)
The Laurel that had been ſo long reſerv'd,
Was now to be given to him beſt deſerv'd.

And

Therefore the wits of the Town came thither,
'Twas ſtrange to ſee how they flocked together,
Each ſtrongly confident of his own way,
Thought to gain the Laurel away that day.

There *Selden*, and he ſate hard by the chair;
Weniman not far off which was very fair;
Sands with *Townſend*, for they kept no order;
Digby and *Shillingsworth* a little further:

And

There was *Lucans* Tranſlator too, and he
That makes God ſpeak ſo big in's Poetry;
Selwin and *Walter*, and *Bartlets* both the brothers;
Jack Vaugham and *Porter*, and divers others.

The firſt that broke ſilence was good old *Ben*,
Prepar'd before with Canary wine,
And he told them plainly he deſerv'd the Bayes,
For his were cal'd Works, where others were but Plaies.

And

Bid them remember how he had purg'd the Stage
Of errors, that had laſted many an Age;
And he hopes they did noe think the *ſilent Woman*,
The *Fox*, and the *Alchymiſt* out done by no man.

Apollo

Apollo ſtopt him there, and bid him not go on,
'Twas merit, he ſaid, and not preſumption
Muſt carry't; at which *Ben* turned about
And in great choler offerd to go out:

But

Thoſe that were there thought it not fit
To diſcontent ſo ancient a wit;
And therefore *Apollo* call'd him back agen,
And made him mine hoſt of his own new Inne.

Tom Carew was next, but he had a fault
That would not well ſtand with a Laureat;
HisMuſe was hard bound, and th'iſſue of's brain
Was ſeldom brought forth but with trouble and pain.

And

All that were preſent there did agree,
A Laureat Muſe ſhould be eaſie and free,
Yet ſure 'twas not that, but 'twas though that his Grace
Conſider'd, he was well he had a Cup-bearers place.

Wil. Davenant aſham'd of a fooliſh miſchance
That he had got lately travelling in *France*,
Modeſtly hoped the handſomneſs of's Muſe
Might any deformity about him excuſe.

And

Surely the Company would have been content,
If they could have found any Preſident;
But in all their Records either in Verſe or Proſe,
There was not one Laureat without a noſe.

To *Wil. Bartlet* ſure all the wits meant well,
But firſt they would ſee how his ſnow would ſell:
Will ſmil'd and ſwore in their judgments they went leſſe,
That concluded of merit upon ſucceſſe.

Suddenly

uddenly taking his place agen,
He gave away to *Seldin*, who ſtreight ſtept in;
But alas! he had been ſo lately a wit,
That *Apollo* hardly knew him yet.

Toby Matthews (pox on him) how came he there
Was whiſpering nothing in ſome-bodies ear:
When he had the honor to be named in Court,
But Sir, you may thank my Lady *Carleil* for't:

For had not her care furniſht you out
With ſomthing of handſome, without all doubt
You and your ſorry Lady Muſe had been
In the number of thoſe that were not let in.

In haſte from the Court two or three came in,
And they brought letters (forſooth) from the Queen;
'Twas diſcreetly done too, for if th'had come
Without them, th'had ſcarce been let into the room.

Suckling next was call'd, but did not appear,
But ſtraigt one whiſperd *Apollo* ith 'ear,
That of all men living he cared not for't,
He loved not the Muſes ſo well as his ſport;

And prized black eyes, or a lucky hit
At bowls, above all the Trophies of wit;
But *Apollo* was angry, and publiquely ſaid
'Twere fit that a fine were ſet upon's head.

Wat Montague now ſtood forth to his tryal,
And did not ſo much as ſuſpect a denial;
But witty *Apollo* asked him firſt of all
If he underſtood his own Paſtoral.

For if he could do it, 't would plainly appear
He underſtood more than any man there,
And did merit the Bayes above all the reſt,
But the Mounſieur was modeſt, and ſilence confeſt.

During theſe troubles in the Court, was hid
One that *Apollo* ſoon miſt, little *Cid*;
And having ſpied him call'd him out of the throng,
And advis'd him in his ear not to write ſo ſtrong.

Murrey was ſummon'd, but 'twas urg'd that he
Was chief already of another Company.

Hales ſet by himſelf moſt gravely did ſmile
To ſee them about nothing keep ſuch a coil;
Apollo had ſpied him, but knowing his mind
Paſt by, and call'd *Faulkland* that ſate juſt behind:

But

He was of late ſo gone with Divinity,
That he had almoſt forgot his Poetry,
Though to ſay the truth (and *Apollo* did know it)
He might have been his Prieſt and his Poet.

At length who but an Alderman did appear,
At which *Wil. Davenant* began to ſwear;
But wiſer *Apollo* bid him draw nigher,
And when he was mounted a little higher,

Openly declared that the beſt ſign
Of good ſtore of wit's to have good ſtore of coyn;
And without a Syllable more or leſs ſaid,
He put the Laurel on the Aldermans head.

At this all the wits were in ſuch a maze
That for a good while they did nothing but gaze.

One

One upon another, not a man in the place
But had diſcontent writ in great in his face.

Onely the ſmall Poets clear'd up again,
Out of hopes as 'twas thought of borrowing;
But ſure they were out, for he forfeits his Crown
When he lends any Poets about the Town.

Loves World.

IN each mans heart that doth begin
To love, there's ever fram'd within
A little world, for ſo I found
When firſt my paſſion reaſon drown'd.

Inſtead of *Earth* unto this frame,
I had a faith was ſtill the ſame;
For to be right it doth behoove
It be as that, fixt and not move; *Earth*

Yet as the Earth may ſometime ſhake
(For winds ſhut up will cauſe a quake)
So, often jealouſie, and fear,
Stole into mine cauſe tremblings there.

My *Flora* was my *Sun*; for as
One *Sun*, ſo but one *Flora* was:
All other faces borrowed hence
Their light and grace, as ſtars do thence. *Sun*

My hopes I call my *Moon*; for they
Inconſtant ſtill were at no ſtay, *Moon*

But as my Sun inclin'd to me,
Or more or leſs were ſure to be:

Sometimes it would be full and then
Oh! too too ſoon decreaſe agen;
Eclipſt ſomtimes, that t'would ſo fal
There would appear no hope at all.

My thoughts cauſe infinite they be, *Stars,*
Muſt be thoſe many *Stars* we ſee;
Of which ſome wandred at their will, *Fixed*
But moſt on her were fixed ſtill. *Planets.*

My burning flame and hot deſire *Element*
Muſt be the *Element of fire,* *of fire.*
Which hath as yet ſo ſecret been
That it as that was never ſeen:

No Kitching fire nor eating flame,
But innocent, hot but in name;
A fire that's ſtarv'd when fed and gone
When too much fewel is laid on.

But as it plainly doth appear,
That fire ſubſiſts by being near
The Moons bright Orbe, ſo I beleeve
Ours doth, for hope keeps love alive.

My fancy was the *Ayre*, moſt free *Ayre*
And full of mutability,
Big with Chimera's, vapours here
Innumerable hatcht as there.

The Sea's my mind, which calm would be *Sea*
Were it from winds (my paſſions) free;

But

But out alas! no *Sea* I find
Is troubled like a Lovers mind.

Within it rocks and Shallows be,
Deſpair and fond credulity.

But in this World it were good reaſon
We did diſtinguiſh Time and Seaſon;
Her preſence then did make the *Day*,
And *Night* ſhall come when ſhee's away.

Long abſence in far diſtant place — *Winter.*
Creates the *Winter*; and the ſpace
She tarryed with me; well I might,
Call it my *Summer* of delight. — *Summer.*

Diverſity of weather came
From what ſhe did, and thence had name;
Sometimes ſh' would ſmile, that made it fair;
And when ſhe laught, the Sun ſhin'd clear.

Sometimes ſh'would frown, and ſometimes weep,
So Clouds and Rain their turns do keep;
Sometimes again ſh'would be all ice,
Extreamly cold, extreamly nice.

But ſoft my Muſe, the world is wide,
And all at once was not deſcride:
It may fall out ſome honeſt Lover
The reſt hereafter will diſcover.

Song.

WHy ſo pale and wan fond Lover?
prethee why ſo pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
looking ill prevail;
prethee why ſo pale?

Why ſo dull and mute young ſinner?
prethee why ſo mute?
Will, when ſpeaking well can't win her,
ſaying nothing doe't?
prethee why ſo mute?

Quit, quit for ſhame, this will not move,
this cannot take her;
If of her ſelf ſhe will not love,
nothing can make her:
the divel take her.

Sonnet. I.

1.

DO'ſt ſee how unregarded now
that piece of beauty paſſes?
There was a time when I did vow
to that alone;
but marke the fate of faces;
The red and white works now no more on me
Then if it could not charm, or I not ſee,

And

2.

And yet the face continues good,
and I have ſtill deſires,
And ſtill the ſelf ſame fleſh and blood,
as apt to melt
and ſuffer from thoſe fires;
Oh! ſome kind power unriddle where it lies,
Whether my heart be faulty, or her eyes?

3.

She every day her Man does kill,
and I as often die;
Neither her power then, nor my will
can queſtion'd be;
what is the myſtery?
Sure Beauties Empires, like to greater States,
Have certain periods ſet, and hidden fates.

Sonnet. II.

1.

OF thee (kind boy) I ask no red and white
to mak up my delight;
no odd becomming graces,
Black eyes, or little know-not-whats, in faces;
Make me but mad enough, give me me good ſtore
Of Love, for her I Court,
I ask no more,
'Tis love in love that makes the ſport.

2.

Ther's no ſuch thing as that we beauty call,
it is meer coſenage all;
for though ſome long ago
Like't certain colors mingled ſo and ſo,
That doth not tie me now from chuſing new.
If I a fancy take
To black and blew,
That fancy doth it beauty make.

4.

'Tis not the meat, but 'tis the appetite
makes eating a delight;
and if I like one diſh
More then another, that a Pheſant is;
What in our Watches, that in us is found;
So to the hight and nick
We up be wound,
No matter by what hand or trick.

Sonnet III.

1.

OH! for ſome honeſt Lovers ghoſt,
Some kind unbodied poſt
Sent from the ſhades below!
I ſtrangely long to know
Whether the nobler Chaplets wear,
Thoſe that their miſtreſs ſcorn did bear,
Or thoſe that were us'd kindly.

2.

For what-ſo-e're they tell us here
To make thoſe ſufferings dear,
'Twil there I fear be found,
That to the being crown'd
T'have lov'd alone will not ſuffice,
Unleſs we alſo have been wiſe,
And have our loves enjoy'd.

3.

What poſture can we think him in,
That here unlov'd agen
Depart's, and's thither gone
Where each ſits by his own?
Or how can that *Elizium* be
Where I my Miſtereſſe ſtill muſt ſee
Circled in others Arms?

4.

For there the Judges all are juſt,
And *Sophonisba* muſt
Be his whom ſhe held dear;
Not his who lov'd her here:
The ſweet *Philoclea* ſince ſhe dy'd,
Lies by her *Pirocles* his ſide,
Not by *Amphialus*.

5.

Some Bayes (perchance) or Myrtle bough
For difference crowns the brow
Of thoſe kind ſouls that were
The noble Martyrs here;
And if that be the only odds
(As who can tell) the kinder gods,
Give me the woman here.

To his much honored, the Lord Lepinton, *upon his Tranſlation of* Malvezzi *his* Romulus *and* Tarquin.

It is ſo rare and new a thing to ſee
Ought that belongs to young Nobility
In print (but their own clothes) that we muſt praiſe
You as we would do thoſe firſt ſhew the ways
To Arts or to new Worlds: You have begun;
Taught travel'd youth what 'tis it ſhould have done;
For 't has indeed too ſtrong a cuſtom been
To carry out more wit then we bring in.
You have done otherwiſe, brought home (my Lord)
The choiſeſt things fam'd Countries do afford;
Malvezzi by your means is Engliſh grown,
And ſpeaks our tongue as well now as his own.
Malvezzi, he whom 'tis as hard to praiſe
To merit, as to imitate his ways.
He does not ſhew us *Rome* great ſuddenly,
As if the Empire were a Tympany,
But gives it natural growth, tells how, and why
The little body grew ſo large and high.
Deſcribes each thing ſo lively, that we are
Concern'd our ſelves before we are aware:
And at the wars they and their neighbors wag'd,
Each man is preſent ſtill, and ſtill engag'd.
Like a good Proſpective he ſtrangely brings
Things diſtant to us: and in theſe two Kings

We

We ſee what made greatneſs. And what't has been
Made that greatneſs contemptible again.
And all this not tediouſly deriv'd,
But like to Worlds in little Maps contriv'd.
'Tis he that doth the Roman Dame reſtore,
Makes *Lucrece* chaſter for her being whore;
Gives her a kind Revenge for *Tarquins* ſin;
For raviſh firſt, ſhe raviſheth again.
He ſays ſuch fine things after't, that we muſt
In ſpite of vertue thank foul Rape and Luſt,
Since't was the cauſe no woman would have had,
Though ſhe's of *Lucrece* ſide, *Tarquin* leſs bad.
But ſtay; like one that thinks to bring his friend
A mile or two, and ſees the journeys end,
I ſtraggle on too far: long graces do
But keep good ſtomacks off that would fall too.

Againſt Fruition.

STay here fond youth and ask no more, be wiſe,
Knowing too much long ſince loſt Paradiſe;
The vertuous joys thou haſt, thou would'ſt ſhould ſtill
Laſt in their pride; and would'ſt not take it ill
If rudely from ſweet dreams (and for a toy)
Tho' wert wak't? he wakes himſelf that does enjoy.

Fruition adds no new wealth, but deſtroyes,
And while it pleaſeth much the palate, cloyes;
Who thinks he ſhall be happyer for that,
As reaſonably might hope he might grow fat

By eating to a Surfet; this once paſt,
What reliſhes? even kiſſes loſe their taſte.

Urge not 'tis neceſſary, alas! we know
The homelieſt thing which mankind does it ſo;
The World is of a vaſt extent we ſee,
And muſt be peopled; Children there muſt be;
So muſt bread too; but ſince they are enough
Born to the drugery, what need we plough?

Women enjoy'd (what e're before t'have been)
Are like Romances read, or fights once ſeen;
Fruition's dull, and ſpoils the play much more
Than if one read or knew the plot before;
'Tis expectation makes a bleſſing dear,
Heaven were not heaven, if we knew what it were.

And as in Proſpects we are there pleas'd moſt
VVhere ſomething keeps the eye from being loſt,
And leaves us room to gueſſe, ſo here reſtraint
Holds up delight, that with exceſs would faint.
They who know all the wealth they have, are poor,
Hee's only rich that cannot tell his ſtore.

I.

THere never yet was woman made,
nor ſhall, but to be curſt,
And oh! that I (fond I) ſhould firſt
of any Lover
This truth at my own charge to other fools diſcover.

2.

You that have promis'ſt to your ſelves
propriety in love,
Know womens hearts like ſtraws do move,
and what we call
Their ſympathy, is but love to jett in general.

3.

All mankind are alike to them;
and though we iron find
That never with a Load ſtone joyn'd,
'tis not the irons fault,
It is becauſ the loadſtone yet was never brought

4.

If where a gentle Bee hath fall'n
and laboured to his power,
A new ſucceeds not to that Flower,
but paſſes by,
'Tis to be thought, the gallant elſewhere loads his thigh.

5.

For ſtill the flowers ready ſtand,
one buzzes round about,
One lights, one taſts, gets in, gets out;
all, all ways uſe them,
'Till all their ſweets are gone, and all again refuſe them.

Song.

Song.

1.

NO, no, fair Heretick, it needs muſt be
But an ill love in me,
And worſe for thee;
For were it in my power,
To love thee now this hour
More then I did the laſt;
I would then ſo fall
I might not love at all;
Love that can flow, and can admit increaſe,
Admits as well an ebb, and may grow leſſe.

2.

True Love is ſtill the ſame; the Torrid *Zones*,
And thoſe more frigid ones
It muſt not know:
For love grown cold or hot,
Is luſt, or friendſhip, not
The thing we have.
For that's a flame would die
Held down, or up too high;
Then think I love more then I can expreſs,
And would love more, could I but love thee leſs.

o my Friend Will. Davenant; *upon his Poem of* Madagaſcar.

WHat mighty Princes Poets are? thoſe things
The great ones ſtick at, and our very Kings
y down, they venter on; and with great eaſe,
ſcover, conquer, what, and where they pleaſe.
me Flegmatick Sea-Captain would have ſtaid
r mony now, or victuals; not have waid
nchor without 'em; Thou (*Will*) do'ſt not ſtay
much as for a wind, but go'ſt away,
ndſt, view'ſt the Country, fight'ſt, putſt all to rout,
efore another could be putting out!
nd now the news in Town is; *Davnant*'s come
rom *Madagaſcar*, Fraught with Laurel home;
nd welcom (*VVill*) for the firſt time; but prethee
n thy next Voyage, bring the gold too with thee.

To my Friend Will. Davenant *on his other Poems.*

THou haſt redeem'd us, *VVill.* and future Times
Shall not account unto the Age's crimes
Dearth of pure wit: ſince the great Lord of it
(*Donne*) parted hence, no Man has ever writ
So neer him, in's own way: I would commend
Particulars, but then, how ſhould I end
Without a volume? Every line of thine
Would ask (to praiſe it right) twenty of mine.

To Love

1.

LOve, Reaſon, Hate, did once beſpeak
Three mates to play at Barley break;
Love, Folly took; and Reaſon, Fancy;
And Hate conſorts with Pride; ſo dance they:
Love coupled laſt, and ſo it fell
That Love and Folly were in hell.

2.

They break, and Love would Reaſon meet,
But Hate was nimbler on her feet;
Fancy looks for Pride, and thither
Hyes, and they two hugge together:
Yet this new coupling ſtill doth tell
That Love and Folly were in hell.

3.

The reſt do break again, and Pride
Hath now got Reaſon on her ſide;
Hate and Fancy meet, and ſtand
Untoucht by Love in Folly's hand;
Folly was dull, but Love ran well,
So Love and Folly were in hell.

Song

Song.

1.

rethee ſpare me gentle Boy,
reſs me no more for that ſlight toy,
t fooliſh trifle of an heart;
ear it will not do its part,
ugh thou doſt thine, employ'ſt thy power and art.

2.

through long cuſtom it has known
little ſecrets, and is grown
en and wiſe, will have its will,
d like old Hawks purſues that ſtill
t makes leaſt ſport, flies onely where't can kill.

3.

ne youth that has not made his ſtory,
ll think perchance the pain's the glory;
d mannerly ſit o ut Loves Feaſt;
all be carving of the beſt,
dely call for the laſt courſe 'fore the reſt.

4.

d oh! when once that courſe is paſt,
w ſhort a time the Feaſt doth laſt!
n riſe away, and ſcarce ſay grace,
civilly once thank the face
at did invite, but ſeek another place.

Upon my Lady Carlies *walking* Hampton-Court-garden.

DIALOGUE.

T. C. *I. S.*

Thom.

DIdst thou not find the place inſpir'd,
And flowers as if they had deſir'd
No other Sun, ſtart from their beds,
And for a ſight ſteal out their heads?
Heardſt thou not muſick when ſhe talk't?
And didſt not find that as ſhe walkt
She threw rare perfumes all about,
Such as bean bloſſoms newly out,
Or chafed ſpices give? ——

J. S.

I muſt confeſſe thoſe perfumes (*Tom*)
I did not ſmell; nor found that from
Her paſſing by, ought ſprung up new;
The flowers had all their birth from you;
For I paſs't o're the ſelf ſame walk,
And did not find one ſingle ſtalk
Of any thing that was to bring
This unknown after after ſpring.

Thom.

Dull and inſenſible, could'ſt ſee
A thing ſo near a Deity

love up and down and feel no change?

F. S.

one, and so great, were alike strange,
had my thoughts, but not your way;
ll are not born (Sir) to the Bay;
las! *Tom*, I am flesh and blood,
nd was consulting how I could
n spite of masks and hoods descry
he parts deni'd unto the eye;
was undoing all she wore,
nd had she walkt but one turn more,
ve in her first state had not been
ore naked, or more plainly seen.

Thom.

was well for thee she left the place,
here is great danger in that face;
ut had'st thou viewed her legg and thigh,
nd upon that discovery
arch't after parts that are more dear
s Fancy seldom stops so near)
o time or age had ever seen
lost a thing as thou hadst been.

To Mr. Davenant *for Absence.*

WOnder not if I stay not here,
Hurt Lovers (like to wounded Deer)
Must shift the place; for standing still
Leaves too much time to know our ill:
here there is a Traytor eye
at lets in from th'enemy

All that may ſupplant an heart,
'Tis time the Chief ſhould uſe ſome Art.
Who parts the object from the ſence,
Wiſely cuts off intelligence.
O how quickly men muſt dy,
Should they ſtand all Loves Battery!
Perſindaes eyes great miſchief do,
So do we know the Cannon too;
But men are ſafe at diſtance ſtill,
Where they reach not, they cannot kill.
Love is a fit, and ſoon is paſt,
Ill dyet only makes it laſt;
Who is ſtill looking, gazing ever,
Drinks wine i'th very height o'th' Fever.

Againſt Abſence.

MY whining Lover, what needs all
Theſe vows of life Monaſtical?
Deſpairs, retirements, jealouſies,
And ſubtile ſealing up of eyes?
Come, come be wiſe, return again,
A finger burnt's as great a pain;
And the ſame Phyſick, ſelf ſame Art
Cures that, would cure a flaming heart,
Wou'dſt thou whilſt yet the fire is in,
But hold it to the fire again.
If you (Dear Sir) the Plague have got,
What matter is't whether or not
They let you in the ſame houſe lie,
Or carry you abroad to die?
He whom the plague, or love once takes,
Every Room a Peſt House makes.

Abſence were good if't were but ſence
That only holds th'Intelligence:
Pure love alone no hurt would do,
But love is love and magick too;
Brings a Miſtreſs a thouſand miles,
And the ſleight of looks beguiles,
Makes her entertain thee there,
And the ſame time your Rival here;
And (oh! the Divel) that ſhe ſhould
Say finer things now then ſhe would;
So nobly Fancy doth ſupply
What the dull ſence lets fall and die.
Beauty like mans old Enemy's known
To tempt him moſt when hee's alone:
The ayre of ſome wild o'regrown wood
Or pathleſs Grove is the Boys food.
Return then back, and feed thine eye,
Feed all thy ſences, and feaſt high.
Spare Dyet is the cauſe Love laſts,
For Surfets ſooner kill than Faſts.

A Supplement of an imperfect Copy of Verſes of Mr William Shakeſpears, *By the Author.*

1.

ONe of her hands, one of her cheeks lay under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiſſe,
Which therefore ſwel'd, and ſeem'd to part aſunder,
As angry to be rob'd of ſuch a bliſſe:
The one lookt pale, and for revenge did long,
While t'other bluſht, cauſe it had done the wrong.

2.

Out of the bed the other fair hand was
On a green ſattin quilt, whoſe perfect white
Lookt like a Dazie in a field of graſſe,
*And ſhew'd like unmelt ſnow unto the ſight;
There lay this pretty perdue, ſafe to keep
The reſt ot h' body that lay faſt aſleep.

*Thus ſi
Shake-
ſpear.

3.

Her eyes (and therefore it was night) cloſe laid,
Strove to impriſon beauty till the morn:
But yet the doors were of ſuch fine ſtuffe made,
That it broke through, and ſhew'd it ſelf in ſcorn,
Throwing a kind of light about the place,
Which turn'd to ſmiles ſtil as't came near her face.

4.

Her beams (which ſome dull men cal'd hair) divided
Part with her cheeks, part with her lips did ſport;
But theſe, as rude, her breath put by ſtill; ſome
Wiſelyer downwards ſought, but falling ſhort,
Curl'd back in rings, and ſeem'd to turn agen
To bite the part ſo unkindly held them in.

THat none beguiled be by times quick flowing,
Lovers have in their hearts a clock ſtill going;
For though time be nimble, his motions
are quicker
and thicker
where Love hath his notions:

Hope is the main ſpring on which moves deſire,
And theſe do the leſs wh els, Fear, Joy, inſpire;
the ballance is thought, evermore
clicking
and ſtriking,
and nee'r giving ore.

Occaſion's the hand which ſtill's moving round,
Till by it the critical hour may be found,
And when that falls out, it will ſtrike
kiſſes,
ſtrange bliſſes,
and what you beſt like.

1

'Tis now ſince I ſate down before
That fooliſh Fort, a heart;
(Time ſtrangely ſpent) a year, and more,
And ſtill I did my part:

2.

Made my approaches, from her hand
Unto her lip did riſe,
And did already underſtand
The language of her eyes.

3.

Proceeded on with no leſs Art,
My Tongue was Engineer;
I thought to undermine the heart
By whiſpering in the ear.

When

4.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great Cannon-oaths, and ſhot
A thouſand thouſand to the Town,
And ſtill it yielded not.

5.

I then reſolv'd to ſtarve the place
By cutting off all kiſſes,
Praying and gazing on her face,
And all ſuch little bliſſes.

6.

To draw her out, and from her ſtrength,
I drew all batteries in:
And brought my ſelf to lie at length
As if no ſiege had been.

7.

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place mine own,
The Enemy lay quiet too,
And ſmil'd at all was done.

8.

I ſent to know from whence and where,
Theſe hopes, and this relief?
A Spie inform'd, Honor was there,
And did command in chief.

9.

March, march (quoth I) the word ſtraight give,
Lets loſe no time but leave her;
That Giant upon air will live,
And hold it out for ever.

10.

To ſuch a place our Camp remove
As will no ſiege abide;
I hate a fool that ſtarves her Love
Onely to ſeed her pride.

Upon my Lord Brohalls *Wedding.*

DIALOGUE.

S. *B.*

S. IN bed dull man,
When *Love* and *Hymens* Revels are begun,
And the Church Ceremonies paſt and done!
B Why who's gone mad to day?
S. Dull Heretick, thou wouldſt ſay,
He that is gone to Heaven's gone aſtray;
Broball our gallant friend
Is gone to Church as Martyrs to the fire:
Who marry differ i'th'end,
Since both do take
The hardeſt way to what they moſt deſire:
Nor ſtaid he till the formal Prieſt had done,
But ere that part was finiſht, his begun:
Which did reveal
The haſte and eagerneſs men have to ſeal
That long to tell the mony.
A ſprigg of Willow in his hat he wore,
(The loſers badg and liv'ry heretofore)

But now ſo ordered that it might be taken
By lookers on, forſaking as forſaken.
And now and then
A careleſs ſmile broke forth, which ſpoke his mind,
And ſeem'd to ſay ſhe might have been more kind.
When this (dear *Jack*) I ſaw,
Thought I
How weak is Lovers Law?
The bonds made there (like gypſies knots) with eaſe
Are faſt and looſe, as they that hold them pleaſe.

But was the fair Nymphs praiſe or power leſſe
That led him captive now to happineſs,
'Cauſe ſhe did not a forreign aid deſpiſe,
But enterr'd breaches made by others eyes?
The Gods forbid;
There muſt be ſome to ſhoot and batter down,
Others to force and to take in the Town.
To Hawkes (good *Jack*) and harts
There may
Be ſev'ral waies and Arts;
One watches them perchance, and makes them tame;
Another, when they are ready, ſhews them game.

Sir,

WHether theſe lines do find you out,
Putting or clearing of a doubt;
(Whether predeſtination,
Or reconciling three in one,
Or the unriddling how men die,
And live at once eternally,
Now take you up) know 'tis decreed
You ſtraight beſtride the Colledg Steed:

Leave

ave *Socinus* and the Schoolmen,
Which *Jack Bond* ſwears do but fool men)
nd come to Town; 'tis fit you ſhow
our ſelf abroad, that men may know
What e're ſome learned men have gueſt)
hat Oracles are not yet ceas't:
here you ſhall find the wit and wine
lowing alike, and both divine:
iſhes, with names [illegible]e known in books,
nd leſſe amongſt the Colledge Cooks,
Vith ſauce ſo pregnant that you need
lot ſtay till hunger bids you feed.
he ſweat of learned *Johnſons* brain,
nd gentle *Shakeſpear's* eas'er ſtrain,
hackney-coach conveys you to,
n ſpite of all that rain can do:
nd for your eighteen pence you ſit
he Lord and Judge of all freſh wit.
ews in one day as much w'have here
s ſerves all *Windſor* for a year,
nd which the Carrier brings to you,
fter 't has here been found not true.
hen think what Company's deſign'd
o meet you here, men ſo refin'd;
heir very common talk at boord,
Makes wiſe or mad a yong Court Lord,
And makes him capable to be
Umpire in's Fathers Company.
Where no diſputes nor forc't defence
Of a mans perſon for his ſence
Take up the time; all ſtrive to be
Maſters of truth, as victory:
And where you come, I'de boldly ſwear
A Synod might as eas'ly erre.

ave

Againſt

Againſt Fruition.

FYe upon hearts that burn with mutual fire:
I hate two minds that breath but one deſire:
Were I to curſe th' unhallow'd ſort of men,
I'de wiſh them to love, and be lov'd agen.
Love's a *Camelion*, that lives on meer ayre;
And ſurfets when it comes to groſſer fare:
'Tis petty Jealouſies, and little fears,
Hopes joyn'd with doubts, and joyes with *April* tears,
That crowns our Love with pleaſures: theſe are gone
When once we come to full *Fruition.*
Like waking in a morning, when all night
Our Fancy hath been fed with true delight.
Oh! what a ſtroke 'twould be! Sure I ſhould die,
Should I but hear my miſtreſs once ſay, I.
That Monſter expectation feeds too high
For any Woman e're to ſatisfie:
And no brave Spirit ever car'd for that
Which in Down-beds with eaſe he could come at,
Shee's but an honeſt whore that yeelds, although
She be as cold as ice, as pure as ſnow:
He that enjoys her hath no more to ſay,
But keep us Faſting if you'l have us pray.
Then faireſt Miſtreſs, hold the power you have,
But ſtill denying what we ſtill do crave:
In keeping us in hopes ſtrange things to ſee
That never were, nor are, nor e're ſhall be.

A Ballad:

Upon a Wedding.

I Tell thee *Dick* where I have been,
Where I the rareſt things have ſeen;
Oh things without compare!
Such ſights again cannot be found
In any place on Engliſh ground,
Be it at Wake, or Fair.

At Charing-Croſs, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'ſt) do ſell our Hay,
There is a houſe with ſtairs;
And there did I ſee comming down
Such folke as are not in our Town,
Vorty at leaſt, in Pairs.

Amongſt the reſt, one Peſt'lent fine,
(His beard no bigger though then thine)
Walkt on before the reſt:
Our Landlord looks like nothing to him:
The King (God bleſſe him) 'twould undo him,
ſhould he go ſtill ſo dreſt.

At Courſe-a:Park, without all doubt
He ſhould have firſt been taken out
By all the Maids i'th' Town:
Though luſty *Roger* there had been,
Or little *George* upon the Greene,
Or *Vincent* of the Crown.

But

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his woing;
The parſon for him ſtaid:
Yet by his leave (for all his haſte)
He did not ſo much wiſh all paſt,
(Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
For ſuch a maid no Whitſon-ale
Could ever yet produce:
No Grape that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, ſo plump, ſo ſoft as ſhe,
Nor half ſo full of Juyce.

Her finger was ſo ſmall, the Ring
Would not ſtay on which they did bring,
It was too wide a Peck:
And to ſay truth (for out it muſt)
It lookt like the great Collar (juſt)
About our young Colts neck.

Her feet beneath her Petticoat,
Like little mice ſtole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But oh! ſhe dances ſuch a way!
No Sun upon an Eaſter day
Is half ſo fine a ſight.

He would have kiſt her once or twice,
But ſhe would not, ſhe was nice,
ſhe would not do't in ſight,
And then ſhe lookt as who ſhould ſay
I will do what I liſt to day;
And you ſhall do't at night.

Her Cheeks ſo rare a white was on,
No Dazy makes compariſon,
(Who ſees them is undone)

For

For ſtreaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherne Pear,
(The ſide that's next the Sun)

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin;
(Some Bee had ſtung it newly.)
But (*Dic*) her eyes ſo guard her face;
I durſt no more upon them gaze
Then on the Sun in *July*.

Her mouth ſo ſmall when ſhe does ſpeak,
Thou'dſt ſwear her teeth her words did break,
That they might paſſage get;
But ſhe ſo handled ſtill the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not ſpent a whit.

If wiſhing ſhould be any ſin,
The Parſon himſelf had guilty been;
(She lookt that day ſo purely,)
And did the youth ſo oft the feat
At night, as ſome did in conceit,
It would have ſpoil'd him ſurely.

Juſt in the nick the Cook knockt thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His ſummons did obey;
Each ſerving man with diſh in hand,
Marcht boldly up, like our Train'd Band,
Preſented, and away.

When all the meat was on the Table,
What man of knife or teeth was able
To ſtay to be intreated?
And this the very reaſon was,
Before the Parſon could ſay Grace,
The Company was ſeated.

The bus'neſſe of the Kitchin's great,
For it is fit that men ſhould eat;
Nor was it there deni'd:
Paſſion oh me! how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon
(I trow) beſides the Bride.

Now hats fly off, and youths carrouſe;
Healths firſt go round, and then the houſe,
The Bridges came thick and thick:
And when 'twas nam'd anothers health,
Perhaps he made it hers by ſtealth
(And who could help it? *Dick*)

On the ſodain up they riſe and dance;
Then ſit again and ſigh, and glance:
Then dance again and kiſſe:
Thus ſeveral waies the time did paſſe,
Till ev'ry Woman wiſht her place,
And ev'ry Man wiſht his.

By this time all were ſtoln aſide
To counſel and undreſſe the Bride;
But that he muſt not know:
But yet 'twas thought he gheſt her mind,
And did not mean to ſtay behind
Above an houre or ſo.

When in he came (*Dick*) there ſhe lay
Like new-faln ſnow melting away,
(Twas time I trow to part)
Kiſſes were now the only ſtay,
Which ſoon ſhe gave, as who would ſay,
Good Boy! with all my heart.

But juſt as heavens would have to croſs it,
In came the Bridemaids with the Poſſet:
The Bridegroom eat in ſpight;

had he left the Women to't
would have coſt two hours to do't,
Which were too much that night;

length the candles out and out,
that they had not done, they do't;
What that is, who can tell?
t I beleeve it was no more
ien thou and I have done before
With *Bridget*, and with *Nell*.

MY deareſt Rival, leaſt our Love
Should with excentrique motion move,
fore it learn to go aſtray,
'ee'l teach and ſet it in a way,
nd ſuch directions give unto't,
hat it ſhall never wander Foot.
now firſt then, we will ſerve as true
or one poor ſmile as we would do
we had what our higher flame,
r elſe our vainer wiſh could frame.
mpoſſible ſhall be our hope;
nd Love ſhall onely have his ſcope
o joyn with Fancy now and then,
nd think what reaſon would condemn:
nd on theſe grounds wee'l love as true,
s if they were moſt ſure t' enſue:
nd chaſtly for theſe things wee'l ſtay,
s it to morrow were the day.
lean time we two will teach our hearts
n Loves burdens bear their parts:
hou firſt ſhalt ſigh, and ſay ſhee's fair;
nd I'le ſtill anſwer, paſt compare.

Thou ſhalt ſet out each part o'th face,
While I extol each little grace;
Thou ſhalt be raviſh't at her wit;
And I, that ſhe ſo governs it:
Thou ſhalt like well that hand, that eye,
That lip, that look, that Majeſty;
And in good language them adore:
While I want words and do it more.
Yea we will ſit and ſigh a while,
Andwith ſoft thoughts ſome time beguil;
But ſtraight again break out and praiſe
All we had done before new waies.
Thus will we do till paler death
Come with a warrant for our breath,
And then whoſe fate ſhall be to dy
Firſt of us two, by Legacy
Shall all his ſtore bequeath, and give
His love to him that ſhall ſurvive;
For no one ſtock can ever ſerve
To love ſo much as ſhe'l deſerve.

Song.

Song.

1.

HOneſt Lover whatſoever,
If in all thy Love there ever
Was one wav'ring thought, if thy flame
Were not ſtill even, ſtill the ſame:
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſſe,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again and love anew.

2.

If when ſhe appears i'th' room,
Thou doſt not quake, and art ſtruck dumb,
And in ſtriving this to cover
Doſt not ſpeak thy words twice over,
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſſe;
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew,

3.

If fondly thou doſt not miſtake,
And all defects for graces take,
Perſwad'ſt thy ſelf that jeaſts are broken,
When ſhe hath little or nothing ſpoken,
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſſe,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

4.

If when thou appeareſt to be within,
Thou lett'ſt not men ask and ask agen;
And when thou anſwereſt, if it be
To what was askt thee properly,
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſſe,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

5.

If when thy ſtomack calls to eat,
Thou cutt'ſt not fingers 'ſteed of meat,
And with much gazing on her face,
Doſt not riſe hungry from the place,
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſſe,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

6.

If by this thou doſt diſcover
That thou art no perfect Lover,
And deſiring to love true,
Thou doſt begin to love anew:
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſſe,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

Up

Upon two Siſters.

BEleev't yong Man, I can as eas'ly tell
How many yards and inches 'tis to hell;
Unriddle all predeſtination,
Or the nice points we now diſpute upon:
Had the three Goddeſſes been juſt as fair,

It had not been ſo eaſily decided;
And ſure the apple muſt have been divided:
It muſt, it muſt; hee's impudent, dares ſay
VVhich is the handſomer till ones away.
And it was neceſſary it ſhould be ſo;
VViſe Nature did foreſee it, and did know
When ſhe had fram'd the Eldeſt, that each heart
Muſt at the firſt ſight feel the blind god's dart:
And ſure as can be, had ſhe made but one,
No plague had been more ſure deſtruction;
For we had lik't, lov'd, burnt to aſhes too,
In half the time that we are chuſing now:
Variety and equal objects make
The buſie eye ſtill doubtful which to take;
This lip, this hand, this foot, this eye, this face,
The others body, geſture, or her grace:
And whilſt we thus diſpute which of the two,
We unreſolv'd go out, and nothing do.
He ſure is happy'ſt that has hopes of either,
Next him is he that ſees them both together.

To his Rival.

NOw we have taught our Love to know
That it muſt creep where't cannot go,
And be for once content to live,
Since here it cannot have to thrive;
It will not be amiſſe t'enquire
What fuel ſhould maintain this fire:
For fires do either flame too high,
Or where they cannot flame, they die.
Firſt then (my half but better heart)
Know this muſt wholy be her part;
(For thou and I, like Clocks are wound
Up to the height, and muſt move round)
She then by ſtill denying what
We fondly crave, ſhall ſuch a rate
Set on each trifle, that a kiſſe
Shall come to be the utmoſt bliſſe.
Where ſparks and fire do meet with tinder,
Thoſe ſparks meer fire will ſtill engender:
To make this good, no debt ſhall be
From ſervice or fidelity;
For ſhe ſhall ever pay that ſcore,
By only bidding us do more:
So (though ſhe ſtill a niggard be)
In graceing, where none's due, ſhee's free;
The favors ſhe ſhall caſt on us,
(Leaſt we ſhould grow preſumptuous)
Shall not with too much love be ſhown,
Nor yet the common way ſtill done;
But ev'ry ſmile and little glance
Shall look half lent, and half by chance:

The Ribbon, Fan, or Muffe that ſhe
Would ſhould be kept by thee or me,
Should not be giv'n before too many,
But neither thrown to's when there's any;
So that herſelf ſhould doubtful be
Whether 'twere fortune flung't, or ſhe.
She ſhall not like the thing we do
Sometimes, and yet ſhall like it too;
Nor any notice take at all
Of what, we gone, ſhe would extol:
Love ſhe ſhall feed, but fear to nouriſh,
For where fear is, love cannot flouriſh;
Yet live it muſt, nay muſt and ſhall,
While *Deſdemona* is at all:
Bnt when ſhee's gone, then Love ſhall die,
And in her grave buried lie.

Farewel to Love.

1.

WEll ſhadow'd Landskip, fare-ye-well:
How I have lov'd you, none can tell,
At leaſt ſo well
As he that now hates more
Then e're he lov'd before.

2.

But my dear nothings, take your leave,
No longer muſt you me deceive,
Since I perceive
All the deceit, and know
Whence the miſtake did grow.

3.

As he whoſe quicker eye doth trace
A falſe ſtar ſhot to a mark't place,
Do's run apace,
And thinking it to catch,
A gelly up do's ſnatch:

4.

So our dull ſouls taſting delight
Far off, by ſence, and appetite,
Think that is right
And real good; when yet
'Tis but the Counterfeit.

5

Oh! how I glory now! that I
Have made this new diſcovery!
Each wanton eye
Enflam'd before: no more
Will I encreaſe that ſcore.

6

If I gaze, now, 'tis but to ſee
What manner of deaths-Head 'twill be,
When it is free
From that freſh upper skin;
The gazers Joy, and ſin.

7

The Gum andgliſt'ning which with art
And ſtudi'd method, in each part
Hangs down the heart,
Looks (juſt) as if, that day
Snails there had crawl'd the *Hay*.

8.

The Locks, that curl'd o're each ear be,
Hang like two Maſter-worms to me,
That (as we ſee)
Have taſted to the reſt
Two holes, where they lik't beſt.

9.

A quick courſe me think I ſpy
In ev'ry woman; and mine eye,
At paſſing by,
Check, and is troubled, juſt
As if it roſe from Duſt.

10.

They mortifie, not heighten me:
Theſe of my ſins the Glaſſes be:
And here I ſee
How I have lov'd before,
And ſo I love no more.

FINIS.

LETTERS

To divers Eminent

PERSONAGES:

Written on ſeveral Occaſions,

By

Sir *JOHN SUCKLING.*

Printed by his own Copy.

LONDON,

Printed for *Humphrey Moſeley* at the Prince's Arms in St. *Paul's* Churchyard. 1658.

FOrtune and Love have ever been ſo incompatible, that it is no wonder (Madam) if having had ſo much of the one for you, I have ever found ſo little of the other for my ſelf; Comming to the Town (and having rid as if I had brought intelligence of a new landed Enemy to the State) I find you gone the day before, and with you (Madam) all that is conſiderable upon the place; for though you have left behind you, faces whoſe beauties might well excuſe perjury in others, yet in me they cannot, ſince to the making that no ſin, Loves Caſuiſts have moſt rationally reſolved, that ſhe for whom we forſake, ought to be handſomer then the forſaken, which would be here impoſſible: So that now a gallerie hung with *Titians* or *Vandikes* hand, and a chamber filled with living Excellence, are the ſame things to me; and the uſe that I ſhall make of that Sex now, will be no other then that which the wiſer ſort of Catholicks do of pictures; at the higheſt, they but ſerve to raiſe my devotion to you: Should a great beauty now reſolve to take me in (as that is all they think belongs to it) with the Artillery of her eyes, it would be as vain, as for a Thief

Theif to ſet upon a new robd paſſenger; You (Mng dam, have my heart already, nor can you uſe unkindly but with ſome injuſtice, ſince (beſi that it left a good ſervice to wait on you) it never known to ſtay ſo long, or ſo willingly fore with any; After all, the wages will not be hi for it hath been brought up under Platonic and knows no other way of being paid for ſ vice, then by being commanded more; which tr when you doubt, you have it but to ſend to maſter and

Your humble Servant,
F. S.

A Diſſwaſion from Love.

Jack,

THough your diſeaſe be in the number thoſe that are better cured with time th precept, yet ſince it is lawfull for every man practiſe upon them that are forſaken and giv over (which I take to be your State) I will adve ture to preſcribe to you; and of the innocence the Phyſick you ſhall not need to doubt, ſince can aſſure you I take it daily my ſelf.

To begin Methodically, I ſhould enjoyn y Travel; for Abſence doth in a kind remove t cauſe (removing the object) and anſwers t Phyſitians firſt Recipez, vomiting and purging but this vvould be too harſh, and indeed not agre

ng to my way. I therefore adviſe you to ſee her as often as you can, for (beſides that the rarity of viſits endears them) this may bring you to ſurpriſe her, and to diſcover little defects, which though they cure not abſolutely, yet they qualifie the fury of the Feaver: As neer as you can let it be unſeaſonably, when ſhe is in ſickneſs, and diſorder; for that will let you know ſhe is mortal, and a Woman, and the laſt would be enough to a wiſe man: If you could draw her to diſcourſe of things ſhe underſtands not, it would not be amiſſe.

Contrive your ſelf often into the Company of the cryed up Beauties; for if you read but one book, it will be no wonder if you ſpeak or write that ſtile; variety will breed diſtraction, and that will be a kind of diverting the humor.

I would not have you deny your ſelf the little things (for theſe Agents are eaſier cured with Surfets then abſtinence) rather (if you can) taſte all: for that (as an old Author ſaith) will let you ſee

That the thing for which we wooe,
Is not worth ſo much ado.

But ſince that here would be impoſſible, you muſt be content to take it where you can get it. And this for your comfort I muſt tell you (*Jack*) that Miſtreſſe and Woman differ no otherwiſe then Frontiniack and ordinary Grapes: which though a man loves never ſo well, yet if he ſurfet of the laſt, he will care but little for the firſt.

I would have you leave that fooliſh humour

(*Jack*)

(*Jack*) of saying you are not in love with her, pretending you care not for her; for smothe fires are dangerous, and malicious humors best and safest vented and breathed out. Co nue your affection to your Rival still; that will cure you from one way of loving, which is spite; And preserve your friendship with her w man; for who knows but she may help you to remedy?

A jolly glasse and right Company would m conduce to the cure; for though in the Script (by the way it is but *Apocrypha*) Woman is re ved stronger than Wine, yet whether it will b or not, when wit is joyned to it, may prove a f question.

Marrying (as our friend the late Ambassa hath wittily observed) would certainly cure but that is a kind of live Pigeons laid to soals of the feet, a last remedy, and (to say tru worse than the disease.

But (*Jack*) I remember I promised you a l ter, not a Treaty; I now expect you should just, and as I have shewed you how to get out love, so you (according to our bargain) sho teach me how to get into it; I know you have one way, and will prescribe me now to look up Mistris *Howard*; but for that I must tell you afo hand, that it is love as in Antipathy; the Cap which will make my Lord of *Dorset* go from Table, another man will eat up. And (*Jack*) you would make a visit to *Bedlam*, you shall fi

that there are rarely two there mad for the ſame thing.

Your humble Servant.

THough (*Madam*) I have ever hitherto beleeved play to be a thing in it ſelf as meerly indifferent as Religion to a Stateſ-man, or love made in a privie-chamber; yet hearing you have reſolved it otherwiſe for me, my faith ſhall alter without becomming more learned upon it, or once knowing why it ſhould do ſo; ſo great and juſt a Soveraignty is that your reaſon hath above all others, that mine muſt be a Rebel to it ſelf, ſhould it not obey thus eaſily; and indeed all the infallibility of judgment we poor Proteſtants have, is at this time wholy in your hands.

The loſſe of a Miſtris (which kills men onely in Romances, and is ſtill digeſted with the firſt meat we eat after it) had yet in me raiſed up ſo much paſſion, and ſo juſt a quarrel (as I thought) to Fortune for it, that I could not but tempt her to do me right upon the firſt occaſion: yet (*Maddam*) has it not made me ſo deſperate but that I can ſit down a loſer both of that time and mony too, when there ſhall be the leaſt fear of loſing you.

And now, ſince I know your Ladiſhip is too wiſe to ſuppoſe to your ſelf impoſſibilities, and therefore cannot think of ſuch a thing, as of making me abſolutely good, it will not be without

ſome

ſome impatience that I ſhall attend to know wh
ſin you will be pleaſed to aſſigne me in the roo
of this: ſomething that has leſſe danger about
(I conceive it would be) and therefore if yo
pleaſe (*Madam*) let it not be Women: for to
truth, it is a dyet I cannot yet reliſh, otherwiſe th
men do that on which they ſurfeited laſt.

Your humbleſt Servant,
F. S.

Madam,

BEfore this inſtant I did not beleeve *Warwick*
ſhire the other World, or that *Milcot* walks ha
been the bleſſed ſhades. At my arrival here I a
ſaluted by all as riſen from the dead, and have ha
joy given me as prepoſterouſly and as impert
nently as they give it to men who marry whe
they do not love. If I ſhould now die in earneſ
my friends have nothing to pay me, for they hav
diſcharged the Rites of Funeral ſorrow befo
hand. Nor do I take it ill, that report whic
made *Richard* the ſecond alive ſo often after h
was dead, ſhould kill me as often when I am alive
The advantage is on my ſide: The only quarre
I have, is that they have made uſe of the whol
Book of Martyrs upon me; and without all que
ſtion the firſt Chriſtians under the great perſecu
tions ſuffered not in 500 years, ſo many ſevera
ways as I have done in ſix days in this lew
Town. This (*Madam*) may ſeem ſtrange unto yo
now,

ow, who know the Company I was in; and cer-
ainly if at that time I had departed this tranſitory
World, it had been a way they had never thought
on; and this Epitaph of the Spaniards (changing
he names) would better have become my Grave-
tone, then any other my friends the Poets would
have found out for me.

Epitaph.

Here lies Don Alonzo,
Slain by a wound received under
His left Pappe,
The Orifice of which was ſo
Small, no Chirurgion could
Diſcover it.
Reader,
If thou wouldſt avoid ſo ſtrange
A Death,
Look not upon Lucinda's *eyes.*

Now all this diſcourſe of dying (*Madam*) is
but to let you know how dangerous a thing it is
to be long from *London*, eſpecially in a place which
is concluded out of the World. If you are not to
be frighted hither, I hope you are to be perſwa-
ded; and if good Sermons, or good Playes, new
Braveries, or freſh Wit, Revells (*Madam*) Masks
that are to be, have any Rhetorique about them,
here they are I aſſure you in perfection; without
asking leave of the Provinces beyond Seas or the
aſſent of ——————————— I write not this
that you ſhould think I value theſe pleaſures
above thoſe of *Milcot*: For I muſt here proteſt, I

preferre the ſingle Tabor and Pipe in the gr
Hall, far above them: and were there no m
belonging to a journey then riding ſo many mi
(would my affairs conſpire with my deſires) yo
Ladyſhip ſhould not find there at the bottom o
Letter,

Madam,

Your humble Servant.

Madam,

I Thank Heaven we live in an Age in which t
Widdows wear Coulors, and in a Count
where the Women that loſe their Husbands m
be truſted with poiſon, knives, and all the bur
ing coals in *Europe*, notwithſtanding the preſide
of *Sophonisba* and *Portia*: Conſidering the eſta
you are in now, I ſhould reaſonably imagi
meaner Phyſitians then *Seneca* or *Cicero* might a
miniſter comfort. It is ſo far from me to imagi
this accident ſhould ſurprize you, that in my op
nion it ſhould not make you wonder; it bei
not ſtrange at all that a man who hath lived ill a
his time in a houſe, ſhould break a Window,
ſteal away in the night through an unuſual P
ſterne: you are now free; and what matter is
to a Priſoner whether the fetters be taken off th
ordinary way or not? If inſtead of putting o
handſomly the chain of Matrimony, he hath rud
ly broke it, 'tis at his own charge, nor ſhould i
coſt you a tear; nothing (*Madam*) has worſe Mi
tha

than counterfeit ſorrow, and you muſt have the height of Womans Art to make yours appear other, eſpecially when the Spectators ſhall conſider all the ſtory.

The ſword that is placed betwixt a contracted Princeſs and an Ambaſſador, was as much a Husband; and the only difference was, that that ſword laid in the bed, allowed one to ſupply its place; this Husband denied all, like a falſe crow ſet up in a Garden, which keeps others from the fruit it cannot taſte it ſelf: I would not have you ſo much as enquire vvhether it were with his garters or his Cloakbag ſtrings, nor engage your ſelf to freſh ſighs by hearing new relations.

The Spaniſh Princeſs *Leonina* (whom *Balzac* delivers the Ornament of the laſt Age) was wiſe; who hearing a Poſt was ſent to tell her Husband was dead, and knowing the Secretary was in the way for that purpoſe, ſent to ſtay the Poſt till the arrival of the Secretary, that ſhe might not be obliged to ſhed tears twice. Of ill things the leſſe we know, the better. Curioſity would here be as vain, as if a Cuckold ſhould enquire whether it were upon the Couch or a Bed, and whether the Cavalier pull'd off his Spurs firſt or not.

I muſt confeſs it is a juſt ſubject for our ſorrow to hear of any that does quit his ſtation without his leave that placed him there; and yet as ill a Mine as this Act has, 'twas *a-la-Romanſci*, as you may ſee by a line of Mr. *Shakeſpears*, who bringing in *Titinius* after a loſt battel, ſpeaking to

his ſword, and bidding it find out his heart, add

By your leave Gods, 'tis a Romans part.

'Tis true, I think Cloak-bag ſtrings were not the ſo much in faſhion; but to thoſe that are not Sword men, the way is not ſo deſpicable; and for mine own part, I aſſure you Chriſtianity highly governs me in the minute in which I do not wiſh with all my heart, that all the diſcontents in his Majeſties three Kingdoms would find out this very way of ſatisfying themſelves and the world.

F. S.

Sir,

SInce the ſetling of your Family would certainly much conduce to the ſetling of your mind (the care of the one being the trouble of the other) I cannot but reckon it in the number of my misfortunes, that my affairs deny me the content I ſhould take to ſerve you in it.

It would be too late now for me (I ſuppoſe) to advance or confirm you in thoſe good reſolutions I left you in, being confident your own reaſon hath been ſo juſt to you, as long before this to have repreſented a neceſſity of redeeming time and fame, and of taking a handſom revenge upon your ſelf for the injuries you would have done your ſelf.

Change I confeſſe (to them that think all at once) muſt needs be ſtrange, and to you hatefull, whom firſt your own nature, and then cuſtome another

another nature, have brought to delight in thoſe narrow and uncouth ways we found you in. You muſt therefore conſider that you have entred into one of thoſe near conjunctions of which death is the only honorable divorce ; and that you have now to pleaſe another as well as your ſelf ; who though ſhe be a Woman, and by the patent ſhe hath from nature, hath liberty to do ſimply ; yet can ſhe be never ſo ſtrongly bribed againſt her ſelf, as to betray at once all her hopes and ends, and for your ſake reſolve to live miſerably. Examples of ſuch loving folly our times afford but few ; and in thoſe there are, you ſhall find the ſtock of Love to have been greater, and their ſtrengths richer to maintain it, than is to be feared yours can be.

Woman (beſides the trouble) has ever been though a Rent-charge, and though through the vain curioſity of man it has often been incloſed, yet has it ſeldome been brought to improve or become profitable ; It faring with married men for the moſt part, as with thoſe that at great charges wall in grounds and plant, who cheaper might have eaten Mellons elſewhere then in their own Gardens Cucumbers. The ruines that either time, ſickneſs, or the melancholy you ſhall give her, ſhall bring muſt all be made up at your coſt : for that thing a husband is but Tenant for life in what he holds, and is bound to leave the place Tenantable to the next that ſhall take it. To conclude, a young Woman is a Hawk upon

her wings; and if ſhe be handſome, ſhe is
more ſubject to go out at check; Faulkners
can but ſeldom ſpring right game, ſhould ſtill h
ſomething about them to take them down w
The Lure to which all ſtoop in this world, is eit
garniſht with profit or pleaſure, and when you
not throw her the one, you muſt be content to ſh
out the other. This I ſpeak not out of a deſire
increaſe your fears which are already but too ma
but out of a hope that when you know the wo
you will at once leap into the River, and ſw
through handſomly, and not (weather-beaten w
the divers blaſts of irreſolution) ſtand ſhivering up
the brink.

Doubts and fears are of all the ſharpeſt paſſio
and are ſtill turning diſtempers to diſeaſes; throu
theſe falſe Opticks 'tis, all that you ſee is li
evening ſhaddows, diſproportionable to the tru
and ſtrangely longer then the true ſubſtanc
Theſe (when a handſome way of living and e
pence ſutable to your Fortune is repreſented to yo
makes you in their ſtead ſee want and beggery
thruſting upon your judgement impoſſibilities f
likelyhoods, which they with eaſe may do (ſince
Solomon ſaith) they betray the ſuccors that reaſo
offers.

'Tis true, that all here below is but diverſifie
folly, and that the little things we laugh at Chi
dren for, we do but act our ſelves in great; yet
there difference of Lunacy; and of the two, I h
much rather be mad with him, that (when he h
nothing

nothing) thought all the ſhips that came into the Haven his ; Than with you, who (when you have ſo much coming in) think you have nothing ; This fear of loſing all in you, is the ill iſſue of a worſe Parent, deſire of getting in you ; So that if you would not be paſſion-rent, you muſt ceaſe to be covetous : Money in your hand is like the Conjurers Divel, which, while you think you have, that has you.

The rich Talent that God hath given, or rather lent you, you have hid up in a napkin, and Man knows no difference betwixt that and Treaſures kept by ill Spirits, but that yours is the harder to come by. To the guarding of theſe golden Apples, of neceſſity muſt be kept thoſe never ſleeping Dragons, Fear, Jealouſie, Diſtruſt, and the like ; ſo that you are come to moralize *AEſop*, and his fables of beaſts are become prophecies of you ; for while you have catcht at the ſhadow, uncertain riches ; you have loſt the ſubſtance, true content.

The deſire I have ye ſhould be yet your ſelf, and that your friends ſhould have occaſion to bleſſe the providence of misfortune, has made me take the boldneſs to give you your own Character ; and to ſhew you your ſelf out of your own glaſſe : And though all this tells you but where you are, yet it is ſome part of a cure to have ſearcht the wound. And for this time we muſt be content to do like Travellers, who firſt find out the place, and then the neareſt way.

My noble Lord,

YOur humble Servant had the honor to rece
from your hand a Letter, and had the gr
upon the ſight of it to bluſh. I but then fou
my own negligence, and but now could have t
opportunity to ask pardon for it. We have e
ſince been upon a March, and the places we are co
to, have afforded rather blood than Inke: and of
things, Sheets have been the hardeſt to come b
ſpecially thoſe of Paper. If theſe few lines ſh
have the happineſs to kiſs your hand, they can aſſu
that he that ſent them knows none to whom he ow
more obligation then to your Lordſhip, and to who
he would more willingly pay it: and that it muſt b
no leſs than neceſſity it ſelf that can hinder hi
from often preſenting it. *Germany* hath no wh
altered me, I am ſtill the humble ſervant of m
Lord [ ] that I was, and when I ceaſe to be ſo, I mu
ceaſe to be *John Suckling.*

SInce you can breathe no one deſire that was no
mine before it was yours, —— or full as ſoon,
(for hearts united never knew divided wiſhes) I
muſt chide you (dear Princeſſe) not thank you,
for your Preſent: and (if at leaſt I knew how) be
angry with you for ſending him a bluſh, who
needs muſt bluſh becauſe you ſent him one. If
you are conſcious of much, what am I then? who
guilty

guilty am of all you can pretend to, and ſomething more —— unworthineſs. But why ſhould you at all (Heart of my heart) diſturb the happineſs you have ſo newly given me? or make love feed on doubts, that never yet could thrive on ſuch a diet? *If I have granted your requeſt* ——————Oh!—— Why will you ever ſay that you have ſtudied me, and give ſo great an inſtance to the contrary? that wretched *If* —— ſpeaks as if I would refuſe what you deſire, or could: both which are equally impoſſible. My dear Princeſs, there needs no new Approaches where the Breach is made already; nor muſt you ever ask any where, but of your fair ſelf, for any thing that ſhall concern,

Your humble Servant.

My deareſt Princeſs,

BUt that I know I love you more then ever any did any, and that yet I hate my ſelf becauſe I can love you no more, I ſhould now moſt unſatisfied diſpatch away this meſſenger.

The little that I can write to what I would, makes me think writing a dull commerce, and then —— how can I chuſe but wiſh my ſelf with you —— to ſay the reſt. My Dear Dear, think what merit, vertue, beauty, what and how far *Aglaura* with all her charms can oblige, and ſo far and ſomething more I am

Your humble Servant.

A Letter to a Friend to dissuade him from marrying a Widow *which he formerly had been in Love with, and quitted.*

AT this time when no hot Planet fires the blood, and when the *Lunaticks* of *Bedlam* themselves are trusted abroad; that you should run mad, is (*Sir*) not so much a subject for your friends *pitty*, as their *wonder*. 'Tis true, *Love* is a *natural distemper*, a kind of *Small-Pox*: Every one either hath had it, or is to expect it, and the sooner the better.

Thus far you are excused; But having been well cured of a *Fever*, to court a *Relapse*, to make *Love* the *second* time in the *same Place*, is (not to flatter you) neither better nor worse then to fall into a *Quagmire* by *chance*, and ride into it after-

An Answer to Letter.

CEase to *wonder* neſt *Jack*) and me leave to *pitty* who laboureſt to demn that which confeſſeſt *natural*, the *ſooner had*, the

Thus far there no *excuſe*, unleſs it *thy* behalf, who ſtile *cond thoughts* (whic by all allowed the a *relapſe*, and talkeſt *quagmire* where no ever ſtuck faſt, and eſt *conſtancy* of *miſch* what is *natural*, *and edly undertaken*.

'Tis confeſt that changed often doth thing; nay tis no for *Love* and *chang* incompatible: where it is kept its firſt object, thou *burn* not, yet it

erwards on *purpose*. is not *love* (*Tom*) that th the mischief, but *stancy*, for *Love* is the nature of a *burn-g-glasse*, which kept ll in one place, *fireth*: anged often, it doth *thing*: a kind of *glow-g-Coal*, which with ifting from hand to and a man easily en-ures. But then to *mar-*! (*Tom*) Why thou adst better to live *ho-est*. *Love* thou knowst is *lind*, what will he do hen he hath *Fetters* on hinkest thou?

Dost thou know what *arriage* is? 'Tis *curing* f *Love* the *dearest way*, r waking a *loosing Game-ter* out of a *winning dream*: and after a long ex-pectation of a strange *ban-quet*, a presentation of a *homely meal*. Alas! (*Tom*) *Loveseeds* when it runs up to *Matrimony*, and is good for nothing. Like some and *cherisheth*, so as it needs no *transplantation*, or change of *soyl* to make it fruitful: and certain-ly if *Love* be *natural*, to *marry* is the best *Recipe* for living honest.

Yes, I know what *ma-riage* is, and know you know it not, by terming it the *dearest way* of *cu-ring Love*: for certainly there goes more charge to the keeping of a *Sta-ble full* of *horses*, then *one* onely *Steed*: and much of vanity is therein be-sides: when, be the er-rand what it will, this *one Steed* shall serve your turn as well as twenty more. Oh! if you could serve your *Steed* so!

Marriage turns plea-sing *Dreams* to ravishing *Realities* which out-doe what *Fancy* or *expectation* can frame unto them-selves.

That *Love* doth *seed* when it runs into *Matri-mony*,

ſome *Fruit-trees*, it muſt be tranſplanted if thou wouldſt have it active, and bring forth any thing.

Thou now perchance haſt vowd all that can be vowed to any *one face*, and thinkeſt thou haſt left nothing unſaid to it: do but make *love* to *another*, and if thou art not ſuddenly furniſht with *new-language*, and *freſh-oathes*, I will conclude *Cupid* hath uſed thee worſe then ever he did any of his train.

After all this, to marry a *Widow*, a kind of *chew'd-meat*! What a fantaſtical ſtomack haſt thou, that canſt not eat of a diſh till another man hath cut of it? who would waſh after another, when he might have freſh water enough for asking?

Life is ſometimes a long-journey: to be tyed *mony*, is undoubted *tryed* how elſe ſhould it *ceaſt* *creaſe* and *multiply*, wh*yr'd* is its greateſt *bleſſing* *hin*

'Tis not the want *W* *Love*, nor *Cupids* faul*eeds* every day afford *ell t* *new-language*, and *naſt* *ways* of expreſſing *Maid* fection: it rather *s a* be cauſed through an*ath* *ceſſe* of *joy*, which oft*his* times ſtrikes *dumb*. *ma*

Theſe things conſi*o lie* red I will *marry*; nay, *then* to prove the ſecond *radox* falſe, I'll marry *Widow*, who is rather *chewer*, then *thing chew* How ſtrangely fanta*ſ* cal is he who will be hour in plucking o*n* *ſtrait-boot*, when he *m* be forthwith furn*i* with enough that *w* come on eaſily, and him as much credit, a better ſervice? *W* when *firſt-broacht*, drin not half ſo well as af a while *drawing*. Wo*r*

y

ed tryed to ride upon one
d it beast still, and that half-
y, whyr'd to thy hand too!
sing think upon that (*Tom.*)
want Well; If thou must
faul needs marry (as who can
rd tell to what height thou
nd hast sinned? Let it be a
ing *Maid*, and no *Widow*: for
ner as a modernn Author
h an ath wittily resolved (in
h of his case) 'tis better (if
nb. man must be in Prison)
conscio lie in a private room
nay, then in the hole.

cond
marry
ther
g chen
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ng o
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l as af
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y

you not think him a mad man who whilst he might fair and easily ride on the *beaten-road-way*, should trouble himself with *breaking up* of *gaps*? a well-wayed horse will safely convey thee to thy journeys end, when an *unbackt-Filly* may by change give thee a fall: 'Tis *Prince*-like to marry a *Widow*, for 'tis to have a *Taster*.

'Tis true, *life* may prove a *long-journey*; and so believe me it must do. A *very long one* too, before the *Beast* you talk of prove *tyr'd*. Think you upon that (*Jack.*)

Thus, *Jack*, thou seest my well-tane resolution of *marrying*, and that a *Widow*, not a *maid*; to which I am much induced out of what *Pythagoras* saith (in his 2*d*. *Sect. cuniculorum*) that *it is better lying in the hole, then siting in the Stocks.*

with all

WHen I receive your lines (my Princeſſe) and find there expreſſ of a Paſſion , though reaſon and my own rit tell me, it muſt not be for me ; yet is Cozenage ſo pleaſing to me, that I (bribe my own deſires) beleeve them ſtill before other. Then do I glory that my Virgin-L has ſtaid for ſuch an object to fixe upon , think how good the Stars were to me that me from quenching thoſe flames (Youth or Love furniſhed me withall) in common and dinary Waters , and reſerved me a Sac for your eyes ; ——While thought thus ſ and ſolaces himſelf within me , cruel Re brance breaks in upon our retirements, and ſo ſad a ſtory , that (truſt me) I forge that pleaſed Fancy ſaid before , and turn thoughts to where I left you. Then I con that ſtorms neither know Courtſhip , nor ty , and that thoſe rude blaſts will often you a Priſoner this Winter , if they d worſe.

While I here enjoy freſh diverſion, you the ſufferings more , by having leiſur conſider them ; nor have I now any way l to make mine equal with them , but by conſidering that they are not ſo : for the th that I cannot be with you to bear my ſhar more intolerable to me, then if I had

more——————————— but I was
onely born to number houres, and not enjoy
them——————————— yet can I never think
my ſelf unfortunate, while I can write my
ſelfe,

Aglaura,

Her humble Servant.

WHen I conſider (my Dear Princeſſe) that I have no other pretence to your favours, then that which all men have to the Original of Beauty, Light: which we enjoy not that 'tis the inheritance of our eyes, but becauſe things moſt excellent cannot reſtrain themſelves, but are ours, as they are diffuſively good; Then do I find the juſtneſs of your quarrel, and cannot but bluſh to think what I do owe, but much more to think what I do pay, Since I have made the Principal ſo great, by ſending in ſo little Intereſt——————— When you have received this humble confeſſion, you will not I hope, conceive me one that would (though upon your bidding) enjoy my ſelf, while there is ſuch a thing in the world, as——————

Aglaura———————

Her humble Servant.

J. S.

So

SO much (*Dear*——) was I ever yours ſince I h
firſt the honor to know you, and conſequen
ly ſo little my ſelf ſince I had the unhappineſs
part with you, that you your ſelf (*Dear*) witho
what I would ſay, cannot but have been ſo j
as to have imagined the welcom of your own le
ters; though indeed they have but removed
from one Rack, to ſet me on another; from fe
and doubts I had about me of your welfare, to
unquietneſs within my ſelf, till I have deſerved t
Intelligence.

How pleaſingly troubleſome thought and reme
brance have been to me ſince I left you, I am
more able now to expreſs, then another to ha
them ſo. You only could make every place you ca
in worth the thinking of; and I do think thoſe pla
worthy my thought only, becauſe you made th
ſo. But I am to leave them, and I ſhall do't
willinger, becauſe the Gameſter ſtill is ſo mu
in me, as that I love not to be told too often
my loſſes: Yet every place will be alike, ſince ev
good object will do the ſame. Variety of Bea
and of Faces (quick underminers of Conſtancy
others) to me will be but pillars to ſupport i
ſince when they pleaſe me moſt, I moſt ſhall think
you.

In ſpight of all Philoſophy, it will behotteſt
my Climate, when my Sun is fartheſt off; and
ſpight of all reaſon, I proclaim, that I am not my
but when I am *Yours wholy.*

Thou

THough deſire in thoſe that love be ſtill like too much ſail in a ſtorm, and man cannot ſo eaſily ſtrike, or take all in when he pleaſes: Yet (Deareſt Princeſs) be it never ſo hard, when you ſhall think it dangerous, I ſhall not make it difficult; though —— Well; Love is love, and Aire is Air; and (though you are a miracle your ſelf) yet do not I beleeve that you can work any; without it I am confident you can never make theſe two thus different in themſelves, one and the ſelf ſame thing; when you ſhall, it will be ſome ſmall furtherance towards it, that you have

Your humble Servant.

F. S.

Whoſo truly loves the fair *Aglaura*, that he will never know deſire, at leaſt not entertain it, that brings not letters of recommendation from her, or firſt a fair Paſport.

My Dear Dear,

THink I have kiſt your Letter to nothing, and now know not what to anſwer. Or that now I am anſwering, I am kiſſing you to nothing, and know not how to go on! For you muſt pardon, I muſt hate all I ſend you here, becauſe it expreſſes nothing in reſpect of what it leaves behind with me. And oh! Why ſhould I write then? Why ſhould I not come my ſelf? Thoſe Tyrants, buſineſs, honor, and neceſſity, what have they to do with you and I? Why ſhould we not do Loves

commands before theirs whoſe Soveraignty is but uſurped upon us; Shall we not ſmell to Roſes 'cauſe others do look on? or gather them 'cauſe there are prickles, and ſomething that would hinder us? Dear — I fain would — and know no hindrance — but what muſt come from you — and — why ſhould any come? ſince 'tis no I, but you muſt be ſenſible how much time we loſe, It being long ſince I was not my ſelf, but

Yours.

Dear Princeſs,

FInding the date of your Letter ſo young, and having an aſſurance from [ ] who at the ſame time heard from Mr. [ ] that all our Letters have been delivered at [*B*] I cannot but imagine ſome ill miſtake, and that you have not received any at all. Faith I have none in Welch, man; and though Fear and Suſpition look often ſo far that they overſee the right, yet when Love holds the Candle, they ſeldom do miſtake ſo much. My Deareſt Princeſs I ſhall long, next hearing you are well, to hear that they are ſafe: for though I can never be aſhamed to be found an Idolater to ſuch a ſhrine as yours, yet ſince the world is full of profane eyes, the beſt way ſure, is to keep all myſteries from them, and to let privacy be (what indeed it is) the beſt part of devotion. So thinks

My D. D. P.
Your humble Servant.

Sinc

SInce the inferiour Orbes move but by the firſt, without all queſtion deſires and hopes in me are to be govern'd ſtill by you, as they by it. What mean theſe fears then? Dear Princeſs.

Though Planets wander, yet is the Sphere that carries them the ſame ſtill; and though wiſhes in me may be extravagant, yet he in whom they make their motion is, you know, my dear Princeſs,

Yours, and wholly to be diſpoſed of by you.

And till we hear from you, though (according to the form of concluding a Letter) we ſhould now reſt, we cannot.

Fair Princeſs,

IF parting be a ſin (as ſure it is) what then to part from you? if to extenuate an ill be to increaſe it, what then now to excuſe it by a Letter? That which we would alledge to leſſen it, with you perchance has added to the guilt already, which is our ſodain leaving you. Abruptneſs is an eloquence in parting, when Spinning out of time is but the weaving of new ſorrow. And thus we thought; yet not being all able to diſtinguiſh of our own Acts, the fear we may have ſinn'd farther then we think of, has made us ſend to you, to know whether it be Mortal or not.

For the two Excellent Siſters.

THough I conceive you (*Ladies*) ſo much at leiſure that you may read any thing; yet

ſince the ſtories of the Town are meerly amorou
and ſound nothing but Love, I cannot withou
betraying my own judgement make them new
for *Wales*. Nor can it be leſſe improper to tran
port them to you, then for the King to ſend m
Lord of *C.* over Ambaſſador this Winter into *Green
land*.

It would want faith in ſo cold a Countrey a
Angleſey, to ſay that your Cozen Dutcheſſe, ſo
the quenching of ſome fooliſh flames about her
has endured quietly the loſſe of much of the King
favor, of many of her houſes, and of moſt of he
friends.

Whether the disfigurement that Travel or ſick
neſs has beſtowed upon *B. W.* be thought ſo gre
by the Lady of the Iſle, as 'tis by others, and whe
ther the alteration of his face has bred a chang
in her mind—— it never troubles you—— Ladie
What old Loves are decay'd, or what new-on
are ſprung up in their room; Whether this Lad
be too diſcreet, or that Cavalier not ſecret e
nough; are things that concern the inhabitan
of *Angleſey* not at all. A fair day is better welco
and more news, then all that can be ſaid in th
kind. And for all that I know now, the Devi
Chimney is on fire, or his pot ſeething over, an
all *North-Wales* not able to ſtay the fury of it. Pe
chance while I write this, a great black cloud
ſayling from Miſtriſs *Thomaſſes* bleak Mountains
ver to *Baron-Hill*, there to diſgorge it ſelf wi
what the Sea or worſe places fed it with before.

It may be the honeſt banks about you turn bankrupt too, and break; and the Sea like an angry Creditor ſeizes upon al, and hath no pitty, becauſe he has been put off ſo long from time to time. For variety (and it is not impoſſible) ſome boyſterous wind flings up the Hangings; and thinking to do as much to your cloths, finds a reſiſtance, and ſo departs, but firſt breaks all the windows about the houſe for it in revenge.

Theſe things now we that live in *London* cannot help, and they are as great news to men that ſit in Boxes at *Black-Fryers*, as the affairs of love to Flannel-Weavers.

For my own part, I think I have made a great complement, when I have wiſhed my ſelf with you, and more then I dare make good in Winter: and yet there is none wonld venture farther for ſuch a happineſs then

Your humble Servant.

The Wine-drinkers to the Water-drinkers, greeting.

WHereas by your Aumbaſſador two days ſince ſent unto us, we underſtand that you have lately had a plot to ſurprize (or to ſpeak more properly) to take the waters; and in it have not onely a little miſcarryed, but alſo met with ſuch difficulties, that unleſs you be ſpeedily relieved, you are like to ſuffer in the adventure; We as well out of pitty to you, as out of care to our State and Commonwealth (knowing that Women have ever been held neceſſary, and that

nothing reliſheth ſo wel after Wine) have ſo far take
it into our conſideration, that we have neglected n
meanes ſince we heard of it firſt, that might b
for your contents, or the good of the cauſe ; an
therefore to that purpoſe we have had diver
meetings at the *Bear* at the *Bridge*-foot, and now a
length have reſolv'd to diſpatch to you one of ou
Cabinet-Council, Colonel *Young*, with ſome ſligh
Forces of Canary, and ſome few of Sherry, whic
no doubt will ſtand you in good ſtead, if they d
not mutiny and grow too head-ſtrong for thei
Commander ; him Captain *Puffe* of B*arton* ſhal
follow with all expedition, with two or three Regi
ments of *Claret* ; Monſieur de *Granville*, commonl
called Lieutenant *Strutt*, ſhall lead up the Reer o
Rheniſh and White. Theſe ſuccors thus timel
ſent, we are confident will be ſufficient to hold th
Enemy in Play ; and till we hear from you again
we ſhall not think of a freſh ſupply : For the Wate
(though perchance they have driven you into ſom
extremities, and divers times forc't their paſſage
through ſome of your beſt guarded places) yet hav
they, if our Intelligence fail us not, hitherto had th
worſt of it ſtill, and evermore at length plainly ru
away from you.

Given under our hands at the Bear,
this fourth of July.

SInce Joy (the thing we all ſo Court) is but o
hopes ſtript of our fears, pardon me if I be ſt
preſſi

preſſing at it, and like thoſe that are curious to know their fortunes aforehand, deſire to be ſatisfied, though it diſpleaſes me afterward. To this Gentleman (who has as much in-ſight as the t'other wanted Ey-ſight) I have committed the particulars, which would too much ſwell a Letter: if they ſhall not pleaſe you, 'tis but freſh Subject ſtill for Repentance; nor ever did that make me quarrel with any thing but my own ſtars. To ſwear new oaths from this place, were but to weaken the credit of thoſe I have ſworn in another: if heaven be to forgive you now for not beleeving of them then, (as ſure as it was a ſin) heaven forgive me now for ſwearing of them then (for that was double ſin.) More then I am I cannot be, nor liſt,

Yours, F. S.

I am not ſo ill a Proteſtant as to beleeve in merit; yet if you pleaſe to give anſwer under your own hand, ſuch as I ſhall for ever rely upon, if I have not deſerv'd it already, it is not impoſſible but I may.

To a Coſin (who ſtill loved young Girles, and when they came to be mariageable, quitted them, and fell in love with freſh) at his fathers requeſt, who deſired he might be perſwaded out of the humor, and marry.

Honeſt Charles,

WEre there not Fools enow before in the Common-Wealth of Lovers, but that

thou muſt bring up a new Sect ? why delight
with the firſt knots of roſes, and when they co
to blow (can ſatisfie the ſence, and do the end
their Creation) doſt not care for them ? Is the
nothing in this fooliſh tranſitory world that th
canſt find out to ſet thy heart upon, but th
which has newly left off making of dirt pies, a
is but preparing it ſelf loam, and a green ſickne
Seriouſly (*Charles*) and without ceremony 'ti
very fooliſh, and to love widdows is as tolera
ble an humor, and as juſtifiable as thine —— fo
beaſts that have been ridd of their leggs are a
much for a mans uſe, as Colts that are un-way'd
and will not go at all : —— Why the Devil ſuch
yong things ? before theſe underſtand what tho
wouldſt have, others would have granted. Tho
doſt not marry them neither, nor any thing elſe
'Sfoot it is the ſtory of the Jack-an-apes and the
Partridges ; thou ſtareſt after a beauty till it is loſt
to thee, and then let'ſt out another, and ſtareſt after
that till it is gone too. Never conſidering that it
is here as in the *Thames*, and that while it runs up
in the middle, it runnes down on the ſides ; while
thou contemplat'ſt the comming-in-tide and flow
of Beauty, that it ebbes with thee, and that thy
youth goes out at the ſame time : After all this
too, She thou now art caſt upon will have much
ado to avoid being ugly. Pox on't ; Men will ſay
thou wert benighted, and wert glad of any Inne.
Well ! (*Charles*) there is another way if you could
find it out. Women are like Melons : too green,

or

too ripe, are worth nothing; you muſt try til you nd a right one. Taſte all, but hearke you — (*Charles*) ou ſhall not need to eat of all, for one is ſufficient or a ſurfeit: *Your moſt humble Servant.*

I ſhould have perſwaded you to marriage, but to eal ingenuouſly, I am a little out of arguments that way at this preſent: 'Tis Honorable, there's no queſtion on't; but what more, in good faith I cannot readily tell.

Madam,

TO tell you that neither my misfortunes nor my ſins did draw from me ever ſo many ſights as my departure from you has done, and that here are yet tears in mine eyes left undryed for Thou; or that melancholy has ſo deeply ſeized me, that colds and diſeaſes hereafter ſhall not need above half their force to deſtroy me, would be I know ſuperfluous and vain, ſince ſo great a goodneſs as yours, cannot but have out-beleeved already what I can write.

He never knew you that will not think the loſs of your Company, greater then the Imperialiſts can all this time the loſſe of all their Companies; and he ſhall never know you that can think it greater then I, who though I never had neither wiſdom nor wit enough to admire you to your worth, yet had my judgment ever ſo much right in it, as to admire you above all. And thus he ſays that dares ſwear he is

Your moſt devoted Servant.

Madam,

Madam,

THe diſtruſt I have had of not being able to w
to you any thing which might pay the cha
of reading, has perſwaded me to forbear kiſſing y
hands at this diſtance: So, like Women that gr
proud, becauſe they are chaſte, I thought I mi
be negligent, becauſe I was not troubleſome. A
were I not ſafe in your goodneſs, I ſhould be (*Mad*
in your judgment, which is too juſt to value li
obſervances, or think them neceſſary to the ri
honoring my Lady.

Your Ladyſhip I make no doubt, will take i
conſideration, that ſuperſtition hath ever been fu
of Ceremony then the true worſhip. When it ſh
concern any part of your real ſervice, and I
throw by all reſpects whatſoever to manifeſt my
votion, take what revenge you pleaſe. Undo
Madam: Reſume my beſt Place and Title; and
me be no longer

Your humble Servant.

Madam,

BY the ſame reaſon the Ancients made no ſacr
fice to death, ſhould your Ladyſhip ſend m
no Letters; ſince there has been no return on m
ſide. But the truth is, the place affords nothing
all our days are (as the Women here) alike: an
the difference of *Fair*, does rarely ſhew it ſelf
Such great State do Beauty and the Sun keep
the

heſe parts. I keep company with my own Horſes (*Madam*) to avoid that of the men; and by this you may gueſſe how great an Enemy to my living contentedly my Lady is, whoſe converſation has brought me to ſo fine a diet, that, whereſoever I go, I muſt ſtarve: all days are tedious, companies troubleſome, and Books themſelves (Feaſts heretofore) no reliſh in them. Finding you to be the cauſe of all this, Excuſe me (*Madam*) if I reſent: and continue peremptory in the reſolution I have taken to be

Madam, during life,
Your humbleſt Servant.

Madam,

BUt that I know your goodneſs is not mercinary, and that you receive thanks either with as much trouble as men ill news, or with as much wonder as Virgins unexpected Love, this Letter ſhould be full of them. A ſtrange proud return you may think I make you (*Madam*) when I tell you, it is not from every body I would be thus obliged; and that if I thought you did me not theſe favors becauſe you love me, I ſhould not love you becauſe you do me theſe favors. This is not language for one in affliction, I confeſs, and upon whom it may be at this preſent a cloud is breaking; but finding not within my ſelf I have deſerv'd that ſtorm, I will not make it greater by apprehending it.

After all, leaſt (*Madam*) you ſhould think I take your favors as Tribute; to my great grief, I here declare,

declare, that the ſervices I ſhall be able to rend you, will be no longer Preſents, but payments Debts; ſince I can do nothing for you hereafte which I was not obliged to do before.

Madam,

Your moſt humble and faithful Servant.

My Noble Friend,

THat you have overcome the danger of th Land and of the Sea, is news moſt welcom to us, and with no leſſe joy receiv'd amongſt us the if the King of *Sweden* had the ſecond time over come *Tilley*, and again paſt the *Mein* and the R*hine* Nor do we in this look more upon our ſelves an private intereſts, then on the publick, ſince in your ſafety both were compriſed. And though you had not had about you the affairs and ſecrets o State, yet to have left your own perſon upon the way, had been half to undo our poor Iſland, and the loſs muſt have been lamented with the tears of a whole Kingdom.

But you are now beyond all our feares, and have nothing to take heed on your ſelf, but fair Ladies. A pretty point of ſecurity; and ſuch a one as all *Germany* cannot afford. We here converſe with Northern Beauties, that had never heat enough to kindle a ſpark in any mans breaſt, where heaven had been firſt ſo merciful, as to put in a reaſonable ſoul.

There is nothing either fair or good in this part of the world; and I cannot name the thing can give

ive me any content, but the thought that you enjoy nough otherwhere : I having ever been ſince I had he firſt honor to know you,

Yours more then his own.

My Lord,

TO perſwade one that has newly ſhip-wrackt upon a Coaſt, to imbarque ſodainly for the ſame place again, or your Lordſhip to ſeek that content you now enjoy in the innocence of a ſolitude, among the diſorders and troubles of a Court, were I think a thing the King himſelf (and Majeſty is no ill Orator) would find ſome difficulty to do. And yet when I conſider that great ſoul of yours, like a Spider, working all inwards, and ſending forth nothing, but like the Cloiſter'd Schoolmens Divinity, threads fine and unprofitable : If I thought you would not ſuſpect my being ſerious all this while, for what I ſhould now ſay, I would tell you that I cannot but be as bold with you as your Ague is, and for a little time, whether you will or not entertain you ſcurvily.

When I conſider you look (to me) like — I cannot but think it as odd a thing, as if I ſhould ſee *Van Dike* with all his fine Colors and Penſills about him, his Frame, and right Light, and every thing in order, and yet his hands tyed behind him : and your Lordſhip muſt excuſe me if upon it I be as bold.

The wiſeſt men, and greateſt States have made no ſcruple to make uſe of brave men whom they had

had laid by with ſome diſgrace: nor have th brave men ſo laid by, made ſcruple, or thought diſgrace to ſerve again, when they were called it afterwards.

Theſe general motives of the State and Co mon good, I will not ſo much as once offer to your Lordſhips conſideration, though (as fit) they have ſtil the upper end: yet like great *Oleo* they rather make a ſhew then provoke Appeti There are two things which I ſhall not be aſhamed propound to you, as ends; ſince the greater pa of the wiſe men of the World have not be aſhamed to make them theirs: and if any h been found to contemn them, it hath been ſtron ly to be ſuſpected that either they could not ea ly attain to them, or elſe that the readieſt way t attain to them was to contemn them. Theſe tw are *Honor* and *Wealth*: and though you ſtand po ſeſt of both of them, yet is the firſt in your han like a Sword, which, if not through negligence, b miſchance hath taken ruſt, and needs a little clea ing; and would it be much handſomer a preſent t poſterity, if you your ſelf in your life time wipe off.

For your *Eſtate* (which it may be had been more had it not been ſo much) though it is true that is ſo far from bein contemptible, that it is nobl competent, yet muſt it be content to undergo th ſame fate greater ſtates (Common-wealths them ſelves) have been and are ſubject to: which is, whe it comes to be divided in it ſelf, not to be conſide-

rable.

ble. Both *Honor* and *Eſtate* are too fair and ſweet *lowers* to be without *Prickles*, or to be gathered ithout ſome ſcratches.

And now (my Lord) I know you have nothing urge but a kind of incapability in your ſelf to the rvice of this State; when indeed you have made e only bar you have, by imagining you have ne.

I confeſs (though) had *vice* ſo large an Empire the Court, as heretofore it has had, or were the mes ſo dangerous that to the living well there, iſe *conduct* were more neceſſary then *vertue* it lf; Your Lordſhip would have reaſon (with *Eſops* country-mouſe) to undervalue all change of ondition; ſince a quiet mediocrity is ſtill to be preerred before a troubled ſuperfluity: but theſe hings are now no more: and if at any time they ave threatned that Horizon, like great clouds, ither they are fallen of themſelves to the ground, r elſe, upon the appearing of the Sun (ſuch a Prince as ours is) they have vaniſhed, and left behind them clear and fair days. To deſcend to parts, envy is ſo leſſen'd, that it is almoſt loſt nto vertuous emulation, every mans truſting the Kings judgment ſo far, that he knows no better meaſure of his own merit, then his reward. The litle word behind the back, and undoing whiſper, which like pulling of a ſheat-rope at Sea, ſlackens he ſail, and makes the gallanteſt ſhip ſtand ſtill; hat that heretofore made the faulty and the innocent alike guilty, is a thing, I beleeve, now ſo

forgot

forgot; or at leaſt ſo unpractis'd, that thoſe
are the worſt, have leiſure to grow good, be
any will take notice they have been otherwiſe,
at leaſt divulge it.

'Tis true, *Faction* there is, but 'tis as true, th
is as winds are, to clear, and keep places free fr
corruption; the oppoſitions being as harmleſs,
that of the Meeting-tides under the Bridge, wh
encounter makes it but more eaſie for him that is
paſs. To be a little pleaſant in my inſtance
The very Women have ſuffered Reformation,
wear through the whole Court their faces as li
diſguiſed now, as an honeſt mans actions ſhould
and if there be any have ſuffered themſelves
be gained by their Servants, their ignorance
what they granted may well excuſe them fr
the ſhame of what they did. So that it is more t
poſſible to be great and good: And we may ſaf
conclude, if there be ſome that are not ſo exact,
much as they fall ſhort of it, juſt ſo much they h
gone from the great Original, God; and fr
the beſt Copies of him on Earth, the King and
Queen.

To conclude, If thoſe accidents or diſaſ
which make men grow leſs in the world (as ſo
ſuch, my Lord, have happened to you) were i
vitable as death, or, when they were once ente
upon us, there were no cure for them; examp
of others would ſatisfie me for yours; ſ
ſince there have been that have delivered the
ſelves from their ills, either by their good *Fort*

Vertue, 'twould trouble me that my Friends ſhould not be found in that number, as much as if one ſhould bring me a Catalogue of thoſe that truly honored my Lord of —— and I ſhould not find among the firſt

Your humble Servant.

To Mr. Henry German, *in the beginning of* PARLIAMENT, 1640.

Sir,

THat it is fit for the King to do ſomething extraordinary at this preſent, is not onely the opinion of the wiſe, but the expectation. Men obſerve him more now then at other times: for Maſty in an Eclipſe, like the Sun, draws eyes that ould not ſo much as have looked towards it, if had ſhined out, and appeared like it ſelf. To lie ill now, would, at the beſt, ſhew but a calmneſſe f mind, not a magnanimity; ſince in matter of overnment, to think well (at any time, much leſs a very active) is little better then to dream well; or muſt he ſtay to act till his people deſire, beuſe 'tis thought nothing reliſhes elſe: for therere hath nothing reliſht with them, becauſe the ing hath for the moſt part ſtayed till they have eſired; done nothing but what they have or were titioning for: But, that the King ſhould do, will ot be ſo much the queſtion, as what he ſhould o. And certainly, for a King to have right counl given him, is at all times ſtrange, and at this

preſent impoſſible. His party for the moſt p
(I would that were modeſtly ſaid, and it were n
all) have ſo much to do for their own preſerva
on, that they cannot (without breaking a law
nature) intend anothers. Thoſe that have coura
have not perchance innocence, and ſo dare n
ſhew themſelves in the Kings buſineſs; and if th
have innocence, they want parts to make the
ſelves conſiderable; ſo conſequently the thin
they undertake. Then, in Court, they give mu
counſel, as they beleeved the King inclin'd, dete
mine his good by his deſires: which is a kind of ſe
ting the Sun by the Dial; Intereſt which cannot er
by paſſions which may.

In going about to ſhew the King a Cure, now
man ſhould firſt plainly ſhew him the diſeaſe. B
to Kings, as to ſome kind of Patients, it is not
waies proper to tell how ill they be: and it is t
like a Countrey clown not to ſhew the way, u
leſs he know from whence, and diſcourſe of thin
before.

Kings may be miſtaken, and Councellors co
rupted; but true Intereſt alone (ſaith *Monſieur Rohan*) cannot erre. It were not amiſſe then
find out the Intereſt: for ſetting down right pri
ciples before concluſions, is weighing the ſcales b
fore we deal out the commodity.

Certainly the great intereſt of the King is, *
nion with his People*, and whoſoever hath told hi
otherwiſe (as the Scripture ſaith of the Divel) w
a ſeducer from the firſt. If there ever had been a

ne Prince in the whole world that made a felicity n this life, and left fair Fame after death, without he love of his Subjects, there were ſome color to deſpiſe it.

There was not among all our Princes a greater Courtier of the People then *Richard* the third, not ſo much out of fear, as out of wiſdom. And, ſhall he worſt of our Kings have ſtriven for that? and ſhall not the beſt? (it being an Angelical thing to gain love.)

There are two things in which the People expect to be ſatisfied; *Religion* and *Juſtice*: nor can this be done by any little acts, but by Royal and Kingly reſolutions.

If any ſhall think that by dividing the factions (a good rule at other times) he ſhall maſter the reſt now, he ſhall be ſtrangely deceived: for in the beginning of things That would do much, but not when whole Kingdoms are reſolv'd. Of thoſe now that lead theſe parties, if you could take off the major number, the leſſer would govern, and do the ſame things ſtill: nay, if you could take off all, they would ſet up one, and follow him.

And of how great conſequence it is for the King to reſume this right, and be the author himſelf, let any body judg: ſince as *Cumneus* ſaid, thoſe that have the art to pleaſe the People, have commonly the power to raiſe them.

To do things ſo that there ſhall remain no jealouſie, is very neceſſary, and is no more then real-

ly reforming, that is, pleasing them. For to
things that shall grieve hereafter, and yet prete
love (amongst lovers themselves, where there
easiest faith) will not be accepted. It will not
enough for the King to do what they desire, but
must do something more: I mean (by doing mor
doing something of his own, as throwing aw
things they call not for, or giving things they e
pected not. And when they see the King doi
the same things with them, it will take away
thought and apprehension that he thinks the thin
they have done already ill.

Now if the King ends the differences and take
away suspect for the future, the case will fall o
to be no worse then when two duellists enter t
Field, where the worsted party (the other havi
no ill opinion of him) hath his Sword given hi
again (without further hurt after he is in the othe
power.) But otherwise it is not safe to imagi
what may follow: for the people are natural
not valiant, and not much Cavalier. No
it is the nature of Cowards to hurt where the
can receive none. They will not be content (whi
they fear and have the upper hand) to fettter o
ly Royalty, but perchance (as timorous spirits us
will not think themselves safe while that is at a
And possibly, this is the present state of things.

In this great work (at least to make it appe
perfect and lasting to the Kingdom) it is necessar
the Queen really joyn; for if she stand aloof, the
will still be suspicions: it being a received opini

n the World, that ſhe hath a great Intereſt in he Kings favor and power. And to invite her, ſhe s to conſider with her ſelf, whether ſuch great ertues and Eminent Excellencies (though they be ighly admired and valued by thoſe that know her) ought to reſt ſatisfied with ſo narrow a payment s the eſtimation of a few? And whether it be not more proper for a great Queen to arrive at univerſal honor, and love, then private eſteem and value.

Then, how becomming a work, for the ſweetneſs and ſoftneſs of her Sex, is compoſing of differences, and uniting hearts? and how proper for a Queen, reconciling King and People?

There is but one thing remains, which whiſper'd abroad, buſies the Kings mind much (if not diſturbs it) in the midſt of theſe great Revolutions, and that is, the preſervation of ſome ſervants, whom he thinks ſomwhat hardly torn from him of late: which is of ſo tender a nature; I ſhall rather propound ſomething about it, then reſolve it.

The firſt *Quære* will be, Whether as things now ſtand (Kingdoms in the ballance) the King is not to follow nature, where the conſervation of the more general ſtill commands and governs the leſſe. As Iron by particular ſympathy ſticks to the loadſtone, but yet if it be joyned with a great body of Iron, it quits thoſe particular affections to the loadſtone, and moves with the other, to the greater, the common-Country.

The ſecond will be, Whether, if he could pre-

ſerve thoſe Miniſters, they can be of any uſe t
him hereafter? ſince no man is ſerved with a great
er prejudice, then he that employs ſuſpected in
ſtruments, or not beloved, though able and deſer
ving in themſelves.

The third is, Whether, to preſerve them, ther
be any other way then for the King to be firſt right
with his people? ſince the rule in Philoſophy muſt
ever hold good, *nil dat quod non habet.* Before the
King have power to ſave, he muſt have power.

Laſtly, Whether the way to preſerve this power
be not to give it away? For the people of *England*
have ever been like wantons, which pull and tugg
as long as the Princes have pull'd with them, as you
may ſee in *Hen.* 3. King *John*, *Edw.* 2. and indeed
all the troubleſome and unfortunate reigns; but when
they have let it goe, they come and put it into their
hands again, that they may play on: as you may ſee
in Queen *Elizabeth.*

I will conclude with a prayer (not that I think it
needs at this preſent: Prayers are to keep us from
what may be, as well as to preſerve us from what is)
*That the King be neither too inſenſible of what is with-
out him, nor too reſolved from what is within him.* To
be ſick of a dangerous ſickneſs, and find no pain,
cannot but be with loſs of underſtanding ('Tis an A-
phoriſme of *Hippocrates*) and on the other ſide, *O-
piniaſtrie* is a ſullen Porter, and (as it was wittily
ſaid of Conſtancy) ſhutts out often times Better
things then it lets in.

FINIS.

AN ACCOUNT OF RELIGION BY REASON.

A diſcourſe upon Occaſion preſented to the Earl of *Dorſet*:

By

Sir *JOHN SUCKLING*.

Printed by his own Copy.

Lucret. pag. 227. *Tentat enim dubiam mentem rationis egeſtas.*

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphery Moſeley* at the Prince's Arms in St. *Paul*'s Churchyard. 1658.

THE EPISTLE

I Send you here (my Lord) that Diſcourſe enlarged, which frighted the Lady into a cold ſweat, and which had like to ave made me an Atheiſt at Court, and our Lordſhip no very good Chriſtian. I m not ignorant that the fear of Socianiſme at this time, renders every an that offers to give an account of eligion by Reaſon, ſuſpected to have one at all: yet I have made no ruple to run that hazard, not knowing hy a man ſhould not uſe the beſt Weaon his Creator hath given him for his defence.

defence. That Faith *was by the Apo-*
ſtles both highly exalted, and ſevere
enjoined, is known to every man, an
this upon excellent grounds ; for it w
both the eaſieſt and beſt way of conver
ing: the other being tedious, and almo
uſeleſs : for but few among thouſand
are capable of it, and thoſe few n
capable at all times of their life, Judg
ment being required. Yet the be
ſervant our Saviour ever had up
Earth, was ſo far from neglecting
contemning Reaſon, that his Epiſtl
were admired, even by thoſe that em
braced not the truths he delivere
And indeed, had the Fathers *of t*
Church *only bid men* beleeve, *and n*
told them why, *they had ſlept now u*
Sainted in their Graves, and as mu
benighted with Oblivion, as the ord
na

nary Pariſh-Prieſts *of their own Age.*

That man is deceivable, is true, but what part within him is not likelyer then his Reaſon? For as Manilius *ſaid,*

Nam neque dicipitur ratio nec decipit unquam.

And how unlikely is it that that which gives us the Prerogative above other Creatures, and wholy entitles us to future happineſs, ſhould be laid aſide, and not uſed to the acquiring of it?

But by this time (my Lord) *you find how apt thoſe which have nothing to do themſelves, are to give others trouble. I ſhall only therefore let you*

know

know that your Commands to my Lord of Middlesex *are performed; and that when you have fresh ones, you cannot place them where they will be more willingly received, then by*

Bath, Sept. 2.

Your humble Servant,

JOHN SUCKLING.

A Diſcourſe, by Sir John Suckling *Knight.*

AMong the truths (*my Lord*) which we receive, none more reaſonably commands our beliefe, then thoſe which by *all* men, at *all* times have been aſſented to. In this number and higheſt I place this great one, that there is a *Deity*; which the whole world had been ſo eager to embrace, that rather then it would have none at all, it hath too often been contented with a very mean one.

That there ſhould be a great Diſpoſer and Orderer of things, a wiſe Rewarder and Puniſher of good and evil, hath appeared ſo equitable to men that by inſtinct they have coucluded it neceſſary; Nature (which doth nothing in vain) having ſo far imprinted it in us all, that ſhould the envy of Predeceſſors deny the ſecret to Succeeders, they yet would find it out. Of all thoſe little ladders with which we ſcale heaven, and climb up to our Maker, that ſeems to me not the worſt, of which man is the firſt ſtep. For but by examining how I, that could contribute nothing to mine own being, ſhould be here, I come to ask the ſame queſtion for my Father, and ſo am led in a direct line to a laſt Producer, that muſt be more then man. For *if man*

mad

made man. Why died not I when my Father died? since a
cording to that *Maxime* of the Philoſophers, *the cau*
taken away, the effect does not remain. Or if the fir
man gave himſelf being, why hath he it not ſtill
Since it were unreaſonable to imagine any thing coul
have power to give it ſelf life, that had no powe
to continue it. That there is then a God, will no
be ſo much the diſpute, as what this God is, or how
to be worſhipped, is that which hath troubled poo
mortals from the firſt, nor are they yet in quiet. S
great has been the diverſity, that ſome have al
moſt thought God was no leſſe delighted with va
riety in his ſervice, then he was pleaſed with it i
his works. It would not be amiſſe to take a ſurve
of the world from its cradle; and with *Varro*, divid
it into three ages: the *Unknown*, the *Fabulous*, and th
Hiſtorical.

The firſt was a black *night*, and diſcovered *no*
thing: the ſecond was a weak and glimmering *ligh*
repreſenting things imperfectly and falſly: the la
(*more clear*) left handſom monuments to poſterity
The *unknown* I place in the age before the Flood
for that Deluge ſwept away things as well as men
and left not ſo much as footſteps to trace them by
the *fabulous* began after the Flood; in this tim
Godheads were cheap, and men not knowing whe
to chooſe better, made Deities one of another
Where this ended, the *hiſtorical* took beginning,
for men began to ingrave in pillars, and to commi
to Letters, as it were by joynt conſent: for th
three great *Epoches* or Terms of Accompt wer
a

all eſtabli
Grecians r
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bylonians
the ſcale
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of it.

And th
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crates, *Py*
Anaxago
nocrates,
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their Re
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inſolence

ll eſtabliſhed within the ſpace of 30 years : The *Grecians* reckoning from their *Olympiades* : The *Romans* from the building of their City : and the *Babylonians* from their King *Salmonaſſar*. To bring into he ſcale with Chriſtian Religion any thing out of he firſt Age, we cannot ; becauſe we know nothing of it.

And the ſecond was ſo *fabulous*, that thoſe which took it up afterwards, ſmil'd at it as ridiculous and falſe (which though was eaſier for them to do then to ſhew a true.) in the *hiſtorical*, it improved, and grew more refined : but here the *Fathers* entred the field, and ſo cleerly gained the victory, that I ſhould ſay nothing in it, did I not know it ſtill to be the opinion of good wits, that the particular Religion of Chriſtians has added little to the general Religion of the World. Let us take it then in its *perfecter eſtate*, and look upon it in that age which was made glorious by the bringing forth of ſo many admirable ſpirits, and this was about the 80. *Olympiad*, in the year of the world 3480. for in the ſpace of an 100 years, flouriſhed almoſt all that *Greece* could boaſt of, *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Ariſtotle*, *Architas*, *Iſocrates*, *Pythagoras*, *Epicurus*, *Heraclitus*, *Zenophon*, *Zeno*, *Anaxagoras*, *Democritus*, *Demoſthenes*, *Parmenides*, *Zenocrates*, *Theophraſtes*, *Empedocles*, *Tymæus*, with divers others Orators and Poets. Or rather (for they had their Religion one from another, and not much different) let us take a view of it in that Century in which Nature (as it were to oppoſe the Grecian inſolence) brought forth that happy birth of *Roman*

wits :

wits: *Varro, Cicero, Cæſar, Livie, Saluſt, Virgil, Hora* *Vitruvius, Ovid, Pliny, Cato, Marcus Brutus*; and t was from *Quintus Servilius* his Conſulſhip to th of *Auguſtus*, 270 years after the other. And to ſ truth, a great part of our Religion, either direct or indirectly hath been profeſſed by Heathens which I conceive not ſo much an exprobation a it, as a confirmation; it being no derogating fro truth to be waranted by common conſent.

Firſt then, the creation of the World is delivere almoſt the ſame in the *Phœnician* ſtories with that i *Moſes*; from this the *Grecians* had their *Chaos*, and *O vid* the beginning of his *Metamorphoſis*. That *A things were made by God*, was held by *Plato*, and other that *darkneſs was before light*, by *Thales*; that the *Sta were made by God*, by *Aratus*; that *life was infuſed in things by the breath of God*. *Virgil*; That *Man was ma of duſt*. *Heſiod* and *Homer*; that *the firſt life of man w in ſimplicity and nakedneſs, the Ægyptians* taught: an from thence the Poets had their *Golden Age*. Tha *in the firſt times mens lives laſted a thouſand years*, *Ber ſus*, and others: that *ſomething divine was ſeen among men, till that the greatneſs of our ſins gave them cauſe remove*, *Catullus*: and this he that writes the ſtory o *Columbus*, reports from the *Indians of a great Delug* almoſt all. But to the main, they hold *one God*, an though *multiplicity* hath been laid to their charge yet certainly the clearer ſpirits underſtood theſe petty Gods as things, not as Deities; ſecond cauſes, an ſeveral vertues of the great power: by *Neptun* water; *Juno*, air; by *Diſpater*, earth; by *Vulcan*, fire

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and ſometimes our God ſignified many things, as *Jupiter* the whole world, the whole Heaven; and ſometimes many gods, one thing, as *Ceres*, *Juno magna*, the earth. They concluded thoſe to be vices which we do; nor was there much difference in their vertues: onely Chriſtians have made ready belief the higheſt, which they would hardly allow to be any. They held rewards for the good, and puniſhments for the ill; had their *Elizium*, and their, *hell*; and that they thought the pains *eternall* there is evident, in that they beleev'd from thence was no return. They proportion'd ſufferings hereafter, to offences here; as in *Tantalus*, *Siſyphus*, and others among which that of Conſcience (the worm that never dies) was one, as in the Vultures gnawing of *Prometheus* heart, and *Virgils* uglieſt of Furies thundring in *Perithous* ear, was not obſcurely ſhown; and yet neerer us, they held the number of the Elect to be but ſmall, and that there ſhould be a laſt day in which the World ſhould periſh by fire. Laſtly they had their Prieſts, Temples, Altars.

We have ſeen now the *Parallel*; let us enquire whether thoſe things they ſeem to have in common with us, we have not in a more excellent manner; and whether the reſt in which we differ from all the world, we take not up with reaſon. To begin then with their *Jupiter* (for all before were but little ſtealths from *Moſes* works) how much more like a Deity are the actions our ſtories declare our God to have done, then what the Ethnick Authors deliver of theirs: How excellently

elevated are our deſcriptions of him? Theirs looking as if they knew that power onely by their fears, as their Statues erected to him declare: for when he was *Capitolinus*, he appeared with thunder; when *Latiaris*, beſmear'd withblood; when *Feretrius*, yet more terrible: We may gheſſe what their conceptions were, by the worſhip they gave him: How full of cruelty were their ſacrifices? it being received almoſt through the whole world, *that gods were pleaſed with the blood to men*; and this cuſtom neither the *Grecian* Wiſdom, nor *Roman* Civility aboliſhed, as appears by ſacrifices to *Bacchus*.

Then the ceremonies of *Liber Pater*, and *Ceres*, how obſcene? and thoſe days which were ſet apart for the honor of the gods, celebrated with ſuch ſhews as *Cato* himſelf was aſhamed to be preſent at. On the contrary, our ſervices are ſuch as not only *Cato*, but God himſelf may be there: we worſhip him that is the pureſt Spirit, in purity of ſpirit; and did we not beleeve what the Scriptures deliver from himſelf, yet would our reaſon perſwade us that ſuch an Eſſence could not be pleaſed with the blood of beaſts, or delighted with the ſteam of fat: and in this particular, Chriſtians have gone beyond all others except the Mahometans; beſides whom there has been no Nation that had not ſacrifice, and was not guilty of this pious cruelty.

That we have the ſame vertues with them is very true; but who can deny that thoſe vertues have received additions from Chriſtianity, conducing to mens better living together? revenge of injuries

Moſes

Moſes both took himſelf, and allowed by the Law to others; *Cicero* and *Ariſtotle* placed it in vertues quarter: We extol patient bearing of injuries; and what quiet the one, what trouble the other would give the World, let the indifferent judg. Their juſtice only took care that men ſhould not do wrong: ours that they ſhould not think it, the very coveting ſeverely forbidden: and this holds too in chaſtity, deſire of a woman unlawfully being as much a breach of the commandment, as their enjoying; which ſhew'd not only the Chriſtians care, but wiſdom to prevent ill, who provided to deſtroy it where it was weakeſt, in the Cradle, and declared, He was no leſſe then a God which gave them theſe Laws; for had he been but man, he never would have provided or taken care for what he could not look into, the hearts of men, and what he could not puniſh, their thoughts. What charity can be produced anſwerable to that of Chriſtians? Look upon the Primitive times, and you ſhall find that (as if the whole world had been but a private Family) they ſent from Province to Province, and from places far diſtant, to Releeve them they never ſaw nor knew.

Now for the happineſs which they propoſed: if they take it as the Heathens underſtood it, it was an *Elizium*, a place of bleſſed ſhades, at beſt but a handſome retirement from the troubles of this World: if according to the duller Jewes, Feaſtings and Banquettings; (for it is evident

that the *Saddnces*, who were great obſervers of the Moſaical Law, had but faint thoughts of any thing to come) there being in *Moſes* books no promiſes but of temporal bleſſings, and (if any) an obſcure mention of eternity. The Mahometans are no leſſe ſenſual, making the renewing of youth, high Feaſts, a woman with great eyes, and dreſt up with a little more fancy, the laſt and beſt good.

Then the hell; How gentle with the Heathens? but the rowling of a ſtone, filling of a ſieve with water, ſitting before Banquets, and not daring to touch them, exerciſing the trade and buſineſſes they had on earth; with the Mahometants, but a Purgatory acted in the grave, ſome pains inflicted by a bad Angel, and thoſe qualifyed and mitigated too, by an aſſiſting good one. Now for the Jews, as they had no hopes, ſo they had no fears; if we conſider it rightly, neither their puniſhments were great enough to deterre them from doing ill, nor their rewards high enough to invite men to ſtrictneſs of life; for ſince every man is able to make as good a heaven of his own, it were unreaſonable to perſwade him to quit that certain happineſs for an uncertainty: whereas Chriſtians with as much more noble conſideration both in their heaven and hell, took care not only for the body but the ſoul, and for both above mans apprehenſion.

The ſtrangeſt, though moſt Epidemical diſeaſe of all Religions, has been an imagination men have had, that the impoſing painfull and difficult things upon

upon themſelves, was the beſt way to appeaſe the Deity, groſly thinking the chief ſervice and delight of the Creator to conſiſt in the tortures and ſuffe-rings of the Creature. How laden with chargeable and unneceſſary Ceremonies the Jews were, their feaſts, circumciſions, ſacrifices, great Sabbaths, and little Sabbaths, faſts, burials, indeed almoſt all their worſhip, ſufficiently declare : and that the Maho-metans are much more infected, appears by the cutting of the *Præpuces*, wearing iron rings in the ſkin of their Fore-parts, lancing themſelves with knives, putting out their eyes upon the ſight of their Prophets Tomb, and the like. Of theſe laſt we can ſhew no patterns amongſt us : for though there be ſuch a thing as whipping of the body, yet it is but in ſome parts of Chriſtendom, and there perchance too more ſmil'd at then practis'd. Our Religion teacheth us to bear afflictions patiently when they fall upon us, but not to force them upon our ſelves : for we beleeve the God we ſerve, wiſe enough to chuſe his own ſervice , and therefore preſume not to add to his commands. With the Jews it is true we have ſomething in common, but rather the names then things ; Our Faſts being more the medicines of the body, then the puniſhments of it, ſpiritual as ours Sabbaths ; both good mens de-light, not their trouble.

But leaſt this diſcourſe ſhould ſwell into a great-neſs, ſuch as would make it look rather like a de-fence which I have labour'd to get, then an accompt which I alway carry about me ; I will now briefly

examine,

examine, whether we beleeve not with reaſon and but those things we have different from the reſt of the them d World. Firſt then, for the perſwaſion of the truth any oth of them in general: let us conſider what they were much that conveigh'd them to us: men (of all the world) not on the moſt unlikely to plot the cozenage of others, ſpirits being themſelves but ſimple people, without ends, Now without deſigns, ſeeking neither honor, riches, no Ch nor pleaſure, but ſuffering (under the contrary) is plai ignominy, poverty, and miſery; enduring death it ons ſ ſelf, nay courting it: all which are things diſtaſtefull the v to nature, and ſuch as none, but men ſtrangely aſſured, daily would have undergone. Had they feigned a ſtory, princ certainly they would not in it have regiſtred their ous own faults, nor delivered him whom they pro- *Reſu* pounded as a God, ignominouſly crucified: add to this the progreſs their doctrine made abroad, mar miraculous above all other either before or ſince: of other Religions were brought in with the ſword, ſier power, forcing a cuſtom, which by degrees uſurp'd tur the place of truth: this even power it ſelf oppo- the ſing. For the Romans (contrary to their cuſtom ſal which entertained all Religions kindly) perſecuted ou this: which by its own ſtrength ſo poſſeſſed the tu hearts of men, that no age, ſex, or condition refu- W ſed to lay down life for it. A thing ſo rare in other in Religions, that among the Heathens, *Socrates* was g the ſole martyr: and the Jews (unleſs of ſome few w under *Manaſſes* and *Antiochus*) have not to boaſt of h any. If we caſt our eyes upon the healing of the blind, curing the lame, redeeming from the grave, and

and but with a touch or word, we muſt conclude them done by more then humane power, and if by any other, by no ill; Theſe buſie not themſelves ſo much about the good of man: and this Religion not only forbids by precept the worſhip of wicked ſpirits, but in fact deſtroys it whereſoever it comes. Now as it is clear by Authors impartial (as being no Chriſtians) that ſtrange things were done, ſo it is plain they were done without impoſture. Deluſions ſhun the light; theſe were all acted openly, the very enemies both of the Maſter and Diſciples daily looking on. But let us deſcend to thoſe more principal particulars, which ſo much trouble the curious wits: theſe I take to be the *Incarnation*, *Paſſion*, *Reſurrection*, and *Trinity*.

For the firſt, That man ſhould be made without man, why ſhould we wonder more at it in that time of the World, then in the beginning? much eaſier, certainly, it was here, becauſe nearer the natural way; Woman being a more prepared matter then earth. Thoſe great truths, and myſteries of ſalvation would never have been received without miracles; and where could they more opportunely be ſhown, then at his Entrance into the World, where they might give credit to his following actions and doctrine? So far it is from being againſt my reaſon to think him thus born, that it would be againſt it to beleeve him otherwiſe; it being not fit that the Son of God ſhould be produced like the race of men. That humane nature may be aſſumed by a Deity, the enemy of Chriſt ans,

Julian, confirms; and inſtances (himſelf) in *Æſculapius*, whom he will have deſcend from Heaven in mortal ſhape, to teach us here below the Art of Phyſick. Laſtly, that God has liv'd with men, has been the general fancy of all nations; every particular having this tradition, that the Deity at ſome time or other converſed amongſt men. Nor is it contrary to reaſon to beleeve him reſiding in glory above, and yet incarnate here: So in man himſelf, the ſoul is in heaven when it remains in the fleſh; for it reacheth with its eye the Sun; why may not God then being in heaven, be at the ſame time with us in the fleſh? ſince the Soul without the body would be able to do much more then with it, and God much more then the ſoul, being the ſoul of the Soul. But it may be urged as more abſtruſe, how all in heaven, and all in earth? Obſerve man ſpeaking (as you have done ſeeing) Is not the ſame ſpeech, at the inſtant it is uttered, all in every place: Receives not each particular ear, alike, the whole? and ſhall not God be much more Ubiquitary then the voice of man? For the *Paſſion* (to let alone the neceſſity of ſatisfying divine Juſtice this way, which, whoſoever reads more particularly our Divines, ſhall find rationally enforced) we find: the Heathen had ſomething near to this (though, as in the reſt, imperfect) for they ſacrificed ſingle men for the ſins of the whole City or Countrey. *Prophyrius* having laid this foundation, *That the ſupream happineſs of the ſoul is to ſee God*, and that it cannot ſee him unpurified, concludes, That there muſt

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be a way for the *cleanſing of Mankind*; and proceeding to find it out, he tells that Arts and Sciences ſerve but to ſet our wits right in the knowledg of things, and cleanſe us not enough to come to God: the like judgment he gives of purging by *Theurgie*, and by the Myſteries of the Sun; becauſe thoſe things extend but to ſome few, whereas this cleanſing ought to be univerſal for the benefit of all mankind: in the end reſolves that this cannot be done, but by one of the three *In-beginings* which is the word they uſe to expreſſe the Trinity by. Let us ſee what the divineſt of the Heathens (and his Maſter *Plato*) delivers, to admiration, and as it were *Prophetically*, to this purpoſe. *That a truly juſt man be ſhewn* (ſaith he) *it is neceſſary that he be ſpoil'd of his Ornaments, ſo that he muſt be accounted by others a wicked man, be ſcoffed at, put in priſon, beaten, nay be crucified*: and certainly for him that was to appear the higheſt example of patience, it was neceſſary to undergo the higheſt tryal of it, which was an *undeſerved death*.

Concerning the *Reſurrection*, I conceive the difficulty to lie not ſo much upon our Lord, as us; it being with eaſie Reaſon imagined, that he which can make a body, can lay it down, and take it up again. There is ſomething more that urges and preſſes us: for in our eſtate we promiſe our ſelves hereafter, there will be no need of Food, Copulation, or Excrement; to what purpoſe ſhould we have a mouth, belly, or leſſe comely parts? it being ſtrange to imagine God to have created man, for a moment

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of time, a body consisting of particulars, which should be useless to all eternity. Besides, why should we desire to carry that along with us which we are ashamed of here, and which we find so great a trouble, that very wise men (were it not forbidden) would throw it off before it were worn out? To this I should answer, that as the body is partner in well or ill doing, so it is but just it should share in the rewards or punishments hereafter: and though by reason of sin we blush at it here, yet when that shall cease to be, why we should be more ashamed then our first Parents were, or some in the last discover'd parts of the World are now, I cannot understand. Who knows but these unsightly parts shall remain for good use, and that putting us in mind of our imperfect estate here, they shall serve to increase our content and happiness there? What kind of thing a glorified body shall be, how chang'd, how refin'd, who knows? Nor is it the meanest invitement to me now, to think that my estate there, is above my capacity here. There remains that which does not only quarrel which the likelyhood of a resurrection, but with the possibility; alleadging, that man corrupted into dust, is scattered almost into infinite, or devoured by an irrational creature, goes into aliment, and grows part of it; then that creature perchance is made like food to another: And truly did we doubt of Gods power, or not think him omnipotent, this were a *Labyrinth* we should be lost in: but it were hard, when we see every petty Chymick

mick in his little ſhop bring into one body things of the ſame kind, though ſcattered and diſordered, that we ſhould not allow the great Maker of all things to do the ſame in his own Univerſity.

There remains only the myſtery of the *Trinity*; to the difficulty of which, the poverty and narrowneſs of words have made no ſmall addition.

St. *Auſtin* plainly ſays the word *Perſon* was taken up by the Church for want of a better; *Nature*, *Subſtance*, *Eſſence*, *Hypoſtaſis*, *Suppoſitum*, and *Perſona*, have cauſed ſharp diſputes amongſt the Doctors: at length they are contented to let the three firſt and three laſt ſignifie the ſame thing. By all of them is underſtood ſomething *Compleat*, *Perfect* and *Singular*: in this only they differ, that *Nature*, *Subſtance*, *Eſſence* are *commuicable ad quid*, and *ut quo* (as they call it) The other are not at all: but enough of this; Thoſe that were the immediate Conveighers of it to us, wrap it not up in any of theſe terms. We then hold God to be one, and but one, it being groſſe to imagine two Omnipotents, for then neither would be ſo; yet ſince this good is perfectly good, and perfect goodneſs cannot be without perfect love, nor perfect love without communication, nor to an unequal or created, for then it muſt be inordinate; we conclude a Second *Coeternal*, though *Begotten*: nor are theſe contrary (though they ſeem to be ſo) even in created ſubſtances, that one thing may come from another, and yet that from whence it comes, not be before that which comes from it; as in the *Sun* and *Light*. But

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in these high Mysteries, similitudes may be the best Arguments. In Metaphysicks they tell us, that in the constituting of every being, there is a *Posse ipsum esse*, from whence there is a *Sapientia sui esse*, and from these two proceedeth an *Amor sui esse* : and though these three be distinct, yet they may make up one perfect being. Again, and more familiarly. There is an hidden Original of waters in the earth, from this a spring flows up, and of these proceeds a stream : this is but one essence, which knows neither a before, nor an after, but in order, and (that too) according to our considering of it : the Head of a Spring is not a Head but in respect of the Spring ; for if something flow'd not from it, it were no Original ; Nor the Spring a Spring if it did not flow from something, nor the stream a stream but in respect of both : Now all these three are but one Water, and though one is not the other, yet they can hardly be considered one without the other. Now, though I know this is so far from a demonstration, that it is but an imperfect instance (perfect being impossible of infinite by finite things) yet there is a resemblance great enough to let us see the possibility. And here the eye of Reason needed no more the spectacles of Faith, then for these things of which we make sympathy the cause, as in the Load stone, or antipathy, of which every man almost gives instance from his own nature : nor is it here so great a wonder that we should be ignorant ; for this is distant and removed from sence ; these near and subject to it ; and

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it were ſtranger for me to conclude that God did not work *ad extra*, thus one and diſtinctly within himſelf, becauſe I cannot conceive how begotten, how proceeding; then if a Clown ſhould ſay the hand of a Watch did not move, becauſe he could not give an account of the wheels within. So far is it from being unreaſonable, becauſe I do not underſtand it, that it would be unreaſonable I ſhould: For why ſhould a created ſubſtance comprehend an uncreated, A circumſcribed and limited, an uncircumſcribed and unlimited? And this I obſerve in thoſe great Lovers and Lords of Reaſon, quoted by the Fathers, *Zoroaſtres*, *Triſmegiſtus*, *Plato*, *Numenius*, *Plotinus*, *Proclus*, *Amelius*, and *Avicen*, that when they ſpoke of this myſtery of the Trinity, of which all writ ſomething, and ſome almoſt as plainly as Chriſtians themſelves, that they diſcuſſed it not as they did other things, but delivered them as Oracles which they had received themſelves, without diſpute.

Thus much of Chriſtian Profeſſion compared with others: I ſhould now ſhew which (compared within it ſelf) ought to be preferred; but this is the work of every pen, perhaps to the prejudice of Religion it ſelf. This excuſe (though) it has, that (like the chief Empire) having nothing to conquer, no other Religion to oppoſe or diſpute againſt, it hath been forced to admit of Civil wars, and ſuffer under its own excellency.

FINIS.